THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLI No. 1839

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

APRIL 20 1935

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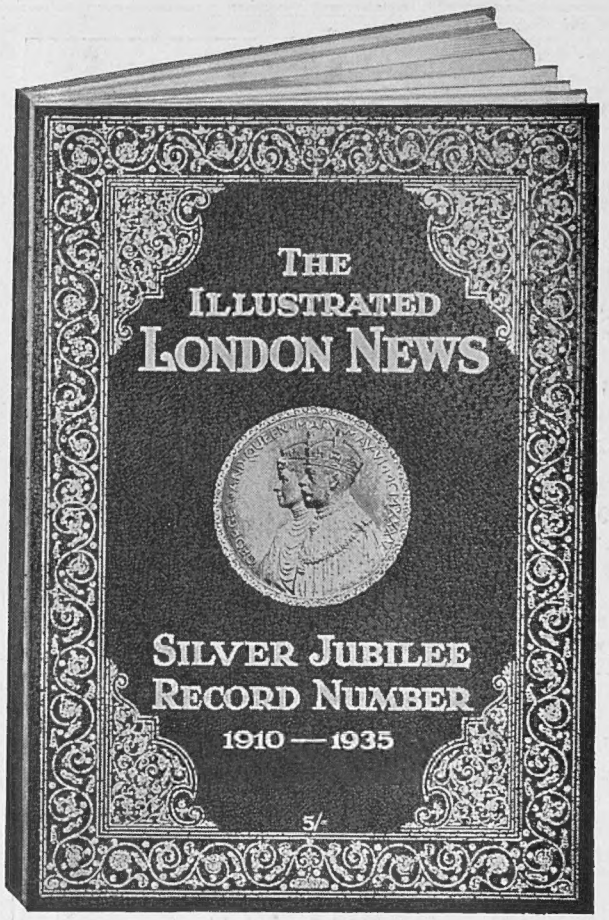

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MAY 4 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number, which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS) COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of Their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of Their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

THE SPHERE
MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist. and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, Mr. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

All the pictures will have actuality quality which have distinguished "THE SPHERE" in past years, and which will undoubtedly give this issue its special value as an historic document.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC
MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, race-horse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given.

In addition a handsome coloured plate of His Majesty's well-known Clumber Spaniel, "Sandringham Spark," will be presented with this issue.

This will be the first of a series of "FAMOUS DOGS" which will be given away in subsequent numbers.

The issue will also contain a number of beautiful coloured plates showing the King yachting and racing, and a set of privately taken and hitherto unpublished photographs of His Majesty shooting, the publication of which the King has graciously permitted in The SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS.

YOU ARE ADVISED TO PLACE DEFINITE ORDERS IN ADVANCE FOR THESE SILVER JUBILEE NUMBERS

Readers, and especially those readers who live overseas, are advised to order their copies NOW from newsagent or bookstall, or from our publishing office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. This is necessary to avoid disappointment, as the demand will certainly exceed the supply, very large as that supply will be.

The TATLER, The SKETCH, BYSTANDER

These popular favourites will be issued on the ordinary day of publication (Wednesday) in the weeks before, during and after the Celebrations. These will sell at the usual price of One Shilling.

Volume CXLI No. 1839

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 20, 1935

Propounder of the Family Budget

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Chamberlain Leave for the House of Commons

It has been Mr. Chamberlain's privilege to be Chancellor of the Exchequer during the returning years of prosperity, and no more able politician could have been found to guide the nation back to economic health. His policy has been one of caution, but with every Budget he has endeavoured to relieve a section of the taxpayers without in any way mortgaging the future or banking on an unexpectedly high revenue. In his financial statement last year Mr. Chamberlain favoured the larger taxpayer believing, no doubt, that by so doing he would provide a greater stimulus to trade. He was abundantly justified; but this year he has levelled matters by giving the small man his turn and relieving him of at least £10,000,000 of his income tax burden. While the Chancellor has incurred the displeasure of motorists by "raiding" the Road Fund for its balance of £4,400,000, he has pleased the vast army of cinema and theatre-goers by abolishing the duty on cheap seats. Last but not least he has restored the remaining half of the cuts made three years ago in the pay of Ministers, M.Ps., judges, civil servants, members of the defence force, teachers, and police, thus rounding off a Budget that constitutes another milestone on the road to recovery

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A London Newsletter

BEING PREPARED: Boy scouts hauling the first load of fuel up Ivinghoe Beacon, Bucks, at the top of which they are building one of the 687 bonfires which will be lit during the Silver Jubilee Celebrations on May 6 and will form an almost complete nation-wide chain

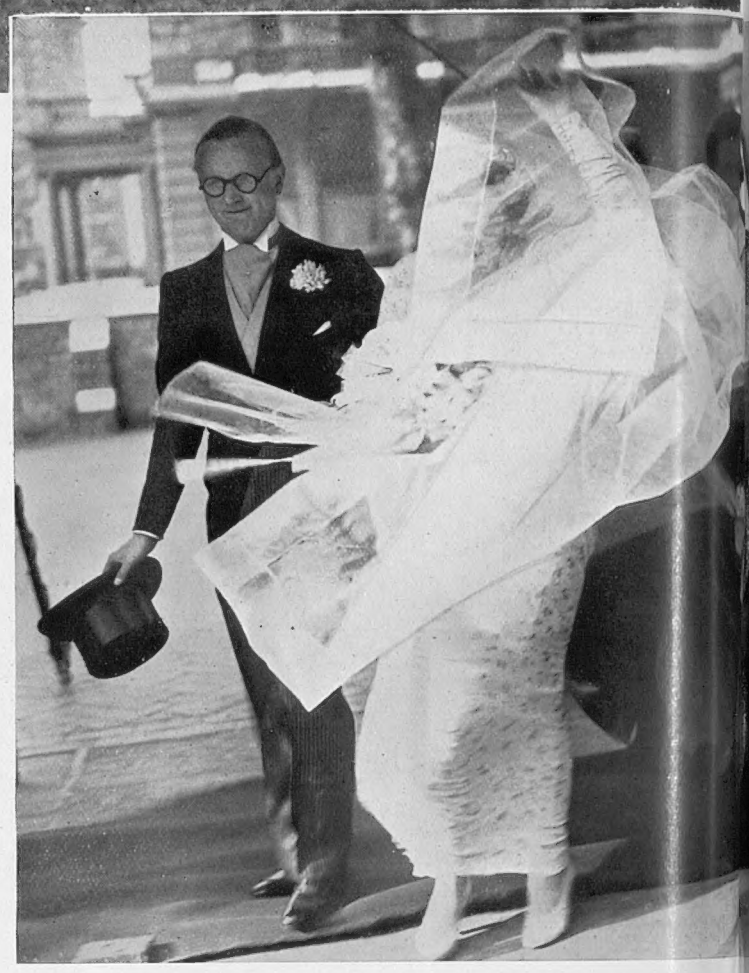
346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, April 17, 1935.

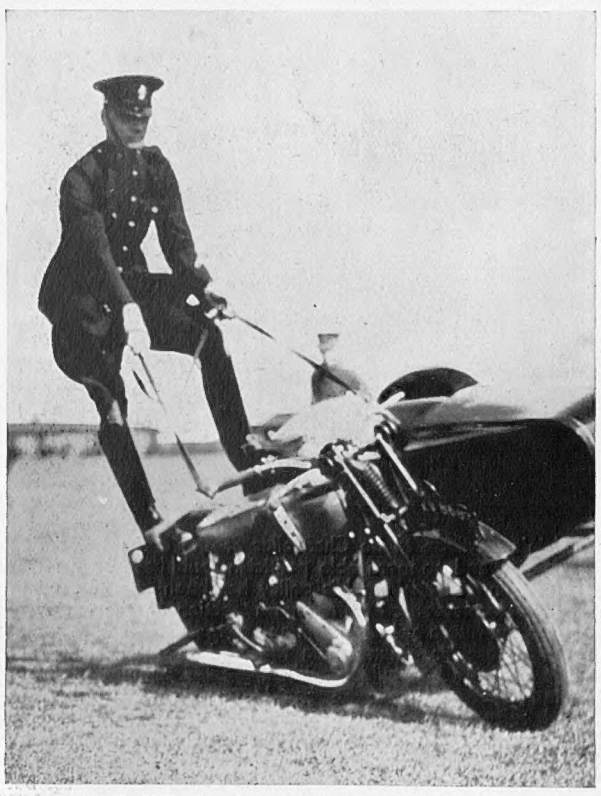
THE BUDGET.—No one anticipated a lively, long or "generous" Budget speech. Mr. Chamberlain has a name for caution, prudence, and brevity. We go to press before Easter too early to say much about it. Expenditure for the new year shows a big increase. That increase for Defence and Civil Service alone cannot be less than £20,000,000, and unless Stresa has far-reaching and early results the former increase is bound to be more. Nor is the whole tale told concerning new expenditure on unemployment schemes. As for revenue, it will receive an undisclosed check from the concessions made in last year's Budget as regards income tax. Death duty harvests also have in the past two or three years been "too good to last." In a word the best hopes of increased revenue will probably be more than cancelled out by increased expenditure. But there are noble features in this year's Budget to be recorded. In two years we have redeemed £50,000,000 of debt, and income-tax receipts have proved very encouraging. But the time is not yet for taking risks or banking on happy results from generous concessions. The political and economic state of Europe is still far too uncertain. We must struggle on under our load.

STRESA.—Two fairly cheerful facts seem to have emerged from Stresa. First, the official admission at long last that the retribution clauses of the Versailles Treaty were shortsighted and ill-advised to the verge of madness, and that if Germany's action in disregarding them cannot be condoned on moral grounds, as being a unilateral breach of a signed agreement, it must henceforth be passed over without any attempt to enforce sanctions. The Treaty as regards those clauses is a scrap of paper. And secondly, the great anxiety that the Stresa Conference would prove nothing more than an attempt to create in Europe a bloc against Germany is relieved. The principle was early admitted that instant and further efforts must be made to bring Germany in again to European peace deliberations rather than to slam the door on her and to take common measures for protection against her. The olive branch was therefore instantly sent out, and Germany seems to have made a not entirely unhopeful or vague response. At this stage—mindful of other European Conferences in recent years—it were foolish to count chickens in the Stresa clutch of eggs.

A DANGEROUS TRADE.—For months and years Mr. Eden has been engaged in the most dangerous occupation which could be devised by the most ingenious scientific agent of the devil. It is a diabolical recipe for killing. Constant mental strain, endless conferences in stuffy rooms, huge formal dinners and luncheons, no air or exercise, long days and nights in trains heated to boiling point, dashes by air across Europe in those frightful engines (which Lord Cecil declares are the curse of humanity and should even now be abolished), and at the end of every journey and every conversation, concentrated vitality drained out in making notes and drafting reports. In a word, burning the candle at both ends, intensified wastage of mental and physical powers. The war leaders of the great war died like flies untimely—died of heart strain. But they at least could keep normal hours and have air and exercise and simple meals. Mr. Eden has been far more cruelly sacrificed—and to what end? He is not the first of our post-war statesmen to break down under the strain. Mr. MacDonald himself became an old man in the effort to bring back peace. If the Dictators genuinely desire peace and still regard Britain as the best mediator, let them come to London.



THE WIND AND THE VEIL: A bridesmaid assists the bride out of a taxi on a windy weather. A scene outside St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after the marriage of Mr. J. E.



THE EQUILIBRIST: A member of the Corps of Signals practising trick motor-cycle riding at Catterick Camp in preparation for the Royal Tournament at Olympia

PAGAN GODS.—On the whole, the British Press expressed little surprise (which is perhaps not so surprising) and little horror at the celebrations and pronouncements which marked Ludendorff's seventieth birthday. I do not read religious papers, and cannot therefore assert that they went to press with mourning edges. Yet the glorification of paganism was startling enough to shock the most easy-going Christian and the most optimist and short-sighted student of history. In the frantic and feverish evolution of German politics the two great apostles of force and Prussianism, Hitler and his old friend, Ludendorff, drifted apart. But on Ludendorff's seventieth birthday "Herod and Pilate were made friends together, for before they had been at enmity." Together they forced through the Munich putsch of 1923, and together they have raised the fiery cross against religion, liberty of thought, against Jews, Freemasons, and all that freedom, democracy, and Christianity stand for. In theory, at least, they have been one in lauding the gospels of force and right by might, of national militarism, militarism taught from the cradle, of nationalism carried to the point of madness, of paganism in its crudest form. Minor shades of political forms may still divide them, but essentially Hitler and Ludendorff are one and indivisible in spirit glorying in their blood-and-iron paganism. It is strange—comic indeed—to hark back to the war years and to recall poor old Kaiser Wilhelm (himself an "arch-fiend" once and now by contrast but a fallen angel) promising to the German people the special favours of "that good old God of Ours," and leaving the conduct of the war to that "good old God's" arch-enemy and scorner in the human race.

MASTER SHAKESPEARE.—One of the conclusions reached by the new G.G. of Canada in his timely book *The King's Grace* (and who is shrewdly timely, if not Mr. Buchan?) is that:—The great war had no spiritual fruit such as followed some other great wars, created no strong creative impulse and no notable enlargement of spirit. It is a contentious utterance and conclusion. "No notable enlargement of spirit!" Are such movements as the movements of youth, whether political or social, or such tremendous trifles as hiking or the group movement, not entitled to be called notable? And have not the post-war years produced (and this year brought to public recognition) such a revival of national interest in Shakespeare as I think has no rival in any generation since Shakespeare's active life. "The birthday" is upon us again, and this Shakespearean revival deserves a scrutiny. On April 23 the second most important birthday and death-day in Christendom falls. How

stands Master Shakespeare in his country's esteem? Never so high. Imprimis his plays have at last become money-makers. Mr. Gielgud played his superb *Hamlet* at the New over 150 times and took well over £30,000. In New York, Katherine Cornell played *Romeo and Juliet* for thirteen weeks and took over £4,000 a week. Our open-air Shakespeare performances have become one of the æsthetic features of the summer in London. Shakespeare under the "Old Vic" and "Wells" management has since the war become a dramatic occasion of immense importance and popularity, not only as a provider of æsthetic pleasure for the general public but as an educational force, and, even more as an important series of experiments in the production of Elizabethan and Jacobean drama for the attention of experts.

BIRTHDAY PROGRAMMES.

—The Jubilee year falls aptly. Its stimulus to generosity will be combined with the reawakened national interest in Shakespeare to achieve at long last that tardy memorial to the greatest Englishman, which should establish classic drama and experiment in contemporary drama unsullied and unhampered by commercial considerations. For this year's birthday play at Stratford, *All's Well that Ends Well*, is a happy choice in its title. For after 300 years it looks as though all may yet be well. The Stratford Festival is to run non-stop from April 23 to September 14, and the plays given will include *All's Well*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, and *The Merry Wives* (under Komisarjevsky's genius), and *Henry IV* (Part I), with the admirable Falstaff of Roy Byford (who deserves a Jubilee Knighthood and should have one, if I were prætor). Then the Old Vic will celebrate as usual with its all-star gala of Shakespearean scenes. And its patrons will have a chance to see Maurice Evans in *Richard II* and later in *Hamlet* which the Old Vic, greatly confident rather than daring, will play no fewer than nine times in its entirety—that is from 6.30 to 11 p.m. If these items are not proof that Shakespeare has "arrived" at last and that post-war England can chalk up to its credit a spiritual enlargement, either I am a Dutchman or Mr. Buchan is more infallible than the Pope.

B.SC. (CRIM.)—The police were much in the news last week. For on one and the same day the Press gave great publicity to the opening on April 10 of the new police laboratory at Hendon by the Home Secretary, and published more or less fully Lord Trenchard's annual report, which is wide in scope, frank, detailed, constructive, far-sighted, and encouraging. Truly was it said by an old lag, untimely arrested, "Your blinking squadrons are fair mucking up crime." Experience, experiment, and endless pains in scientific methods have turned the tables. It is hoped that law is getting the upper hand of law-breakers. But the latter got a long start after the war, and got the best use at first out of the all-pervading motor car, and made hay amid the new, easy-stuff conglomeration of human settlements. Now wireless-controlled police cars and a ring of police telephone boxes are adjusting the balance, and crime is not so easy as it was—at least to get away with. But the Yard and scores of police stations have become congested and antiquated, and the main expenditure planned must cover a trebling of police telephone boxes, and the rebuilding and enlarging of New Scotland Yard and many of its satellite stations. As for the Hendon laboratory, it is indeed the practical side of the Police University. For here the new entry and the best educated among police officers and cadets will train for their degree of Bachelor of the Science of crime-detection; and it is interesting to discover that in this new science Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (alias Sherlock Holmes) is now acknowledged a far-sighted pioneer. The man who worked so hard (and so long in vain) to right the wrongs of Edalji and Oscar Slater would surely receive greater consideration to-day. Sherlock Holmes' monographs (on cigarette ashes and pipe dottles and such tremendous trifles) are no longer a laughing matter. The new word "traces," which is preferred to the too romantic "clues," includes all such microscopic and vital trifles as ashes, dust, threads, spots. Under the microscope and the ultra-violet ray, or in the test tube of the chemist, these once unconsidered trifles will yield up grim secrets. These aids to crime-detection are not new, because they reappear under new names and are carried out by the latest methods of science. They are not new, but they are henceforth organized to the pitch of perfection. Honour to the pioneers. Let us never forget the patient scientific researches in the Ardlamont case of long ago, and the researches which brought Brown and Kennedy to the gallows, not so long ago. These experiments with firearms and bullets are now classed under the important name of "Forensic Ballistics"; before that name was coined the science was being very efficiently brought to bear on crime.

SPEED LIMIT AND FAST CARS.

—The more I see of the working of this speed limit in built-up areas the more I consider it as salutary, and, on the whole, of trifling inconvenience. If all drivers and walkers were like the great bulk of drivers and walkers—careful, decent, considerate people—such restrictions had never been necessary. If the police could have, years ago, adequately patrolled the roads and got to grips with the small percentage of wrong-doers, road discipline by now might have been inculcated on all and sundry. But things being what they are, the speed-limit became necessary, and has proved a comfort to the majority of drivers. For years the many have suffered for the few (those who must have their way at all cost), and now the few must suffer for the many and be forced to spoil their averages over certain sections of their routes where the population is dense. What does the restriction really imply? Nothing of the least importance. We are a speed-mad generation, in my old-fashioned view, but even the speed maniac need not suffer the loss of five minutes in a run of 100 miles through this compulsion to drive considerately in built-up areas. The pessimist need not shake his head over the car industry nor point to an official attempt to withstand the inexorable tide of progress. I am very much a family-man car-driver. I like to cruise at 45 m.p.h. and travel uneasily over 50 m.p.h. On the very day when the speed limit came into force I at last acquired a new car capable of considerable speed and very rapid acceleration. I unhesitatingly declare my opinion that the speed limit and fast cars with rapid acceleration are complementary necessities and consort well together. I never knew that feeling of security on the road until I got a car which gave me, at the vital second, 20 m.p.h. of speed up my sleeve. Over 70 per cent. of the main road stretches of England considerable speed is of no possible danger to third parties, nor indeed to the driver, if his tyres be good. More than this, the car that can travel and accelerate is almost always the car which can "idle" most steadily at 30 m.p.h. And that is a factor of safety in controlled areas. Therefore, I cannot see that this speed limit strikes a blow at one of our most vital industries, or imposes on the manufacturers of our nation a handicap in the exploitation of inexorable scientific progress. The day of the fast car really dawned with the speed limit. Whereas, if road deaths had increased very much more, public opinion might well have been stirred to a demand for action far less moderate, and then all the money which British engineers have put into car construction might have been wasted. If any man hesitate to order a powerful car capable of speed on account of this speed limit I think he is ill-advised.

THEY FORGOT—NATURE.

—My recent comment on the Mall stands and the plane tree avenue has apparently had its effect:—

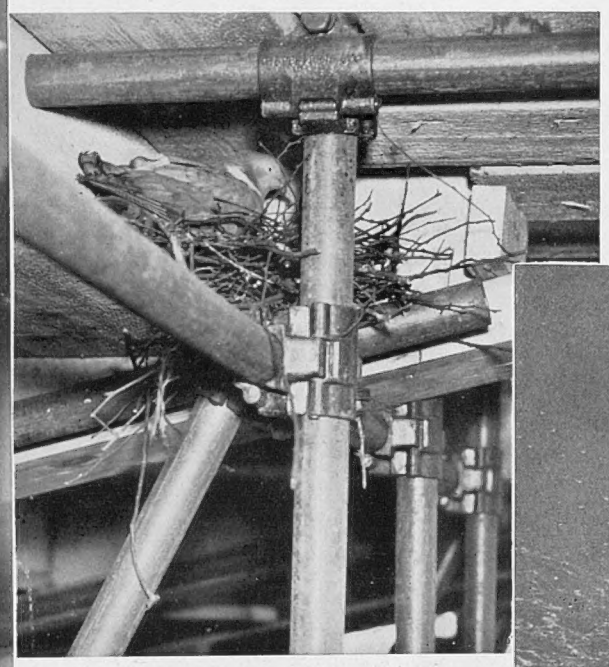
READY TO SHEAR

The Office of Works has another pre-occupation—the progress of spring.

Should the weather gods prove too favourable, a small army of billhookers will shear the lower branches of the plane trees before May 6.

THE OLD STAGER

occasioned by the boisterous Edmondson and Miss M. G. Anderson



AN EARLY ARRIVAL: This pigeon has made its nest beneath one of the newly-erected stands in the Mall from which the public will view the Silver Jubilee procession on May 6

A GIANT IN DISTRESS: Tugs attempting to free the Cunard White Star liner, *Aquitania*, from the mudbank on which she went aground when sailing up Southampton Water in a gale at the end of her last cruise. The passengers were taken off in safety, but the vessel was not refloated until twenty-five hours after the mishap

GUESTS OF THE CITY: Officers and ratings of H.M.A.S. *Australia*, th cruiser which brought the Duke of Gloucester back to England a the conclusion of his world tour, marching through London last wee on the way to the Guildhall, where they were received and enter tained to luncheon by the Lord Mayor

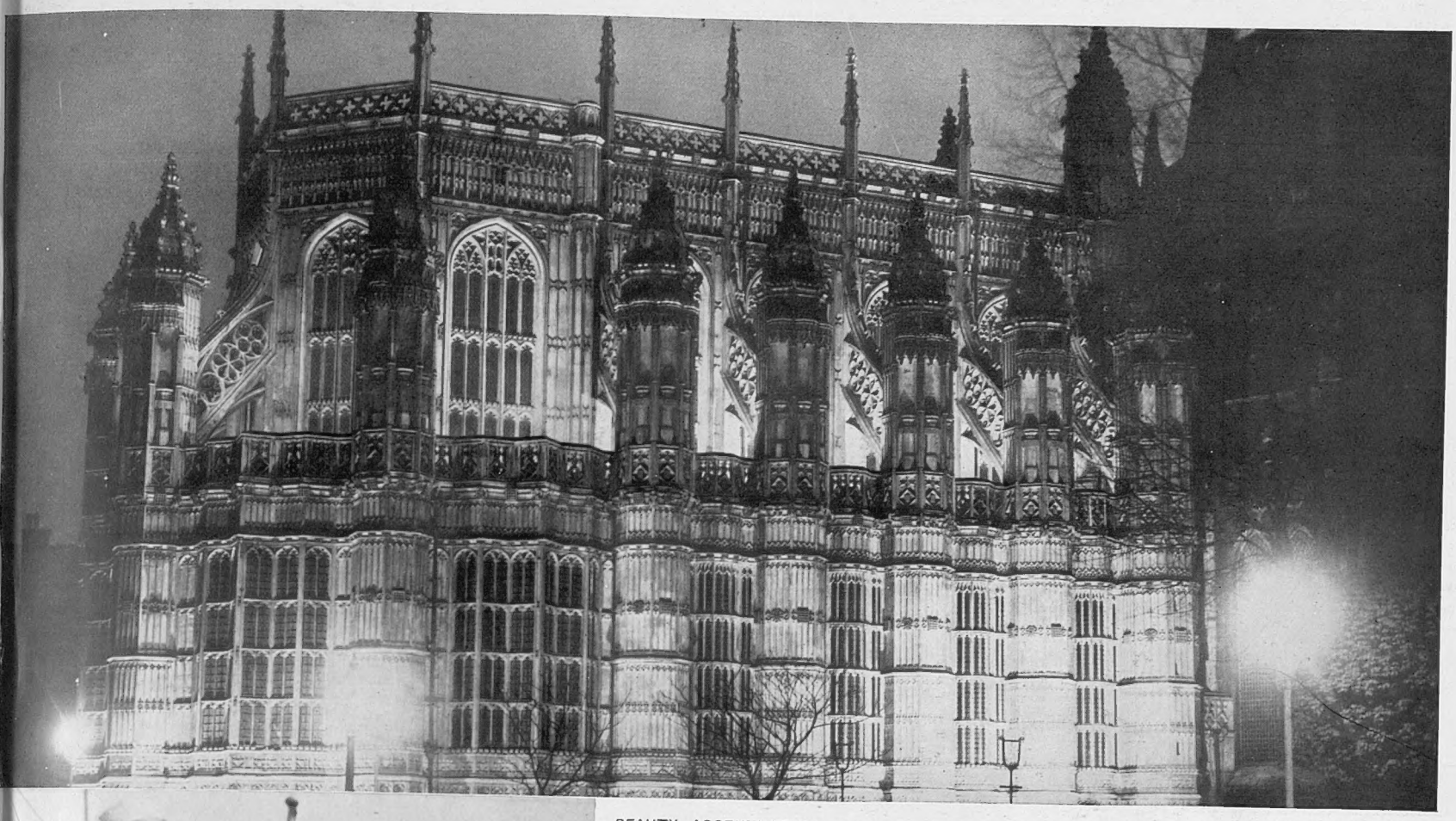
SCIENCE AND CRIME: A scene in the exhibits room at the new Metropolitan Police Laboratory for the scientific investigation of crime, which has been established at Hendon and was opened last week by Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary. The trunk shown in the picture figured in the Charing Cross trunk crime in 1927

A PICTURESQUE VISITOR TO THE THAMES

A FLOATING FIRE ENGINE: The *Massey Shaw*, which is to be used on the Thames for fighting riverside fires, undergoing its first trials at Cowes, where it has been built for the L.C.C. by Messrs. J. Samuel White and Co., Ltd. It has a speed of 12 knots, it can pass under any of the bridges at high tide, and the largest of its jets is capable of throwing 4,800 gallons of water per minute to a height of 250 ft.

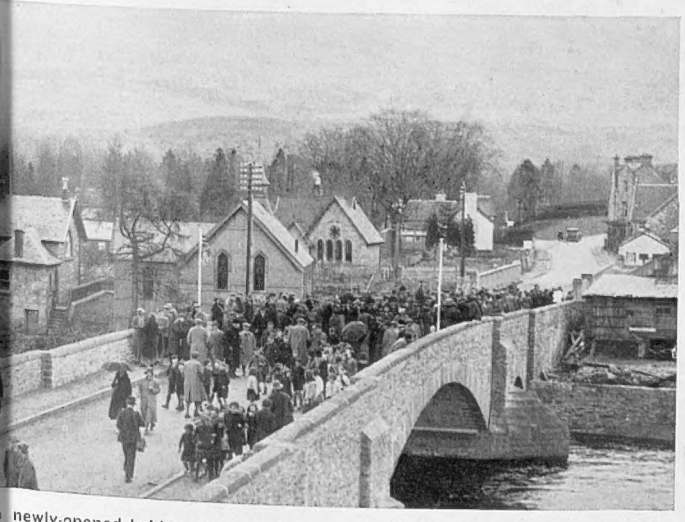
A HIGHLAND HIGHWAY: Pedestrians cross the Albyn Road thro

PASSING | *A Survey of Recent Happenings at Home* | PAGEANT



BEAUTY ACCENTUATED: The intricate tracery of Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, more fully revealed by flood-lighting—a picture taken during a rehearsal held on Friday of last week in preparation for the Silver Jubilee celebrations. The building has recently been cleaned

Cadets going ashore from the three-masted Finnish training ship, *Suomen Joutsen*, which anchored a few days ago off Gravesend



newly-opened bridge at Fort Augustus—the last link in the great Glen ncoe, which links Glasgow with Inverness

GETTING READY FOR THE GREAT DAY: Workmen erecting tubular steel stands in St. Paul's Cathedral in order to enable those attending the Silver Jubilee Thanksgiving Service on May 6 to gain a better view of the proceedings. The arrangements for the seating accommodation are being made by the Lord Chamberlain

THE HOG-HUNTER'S CLASSIC

The Kadir Cup of 1935

Below — THEY'RE OFF: The start of one of the heats in the Kadir Cup, the sixty-fourth contest for which was held a short while ago in the United Provinces of India

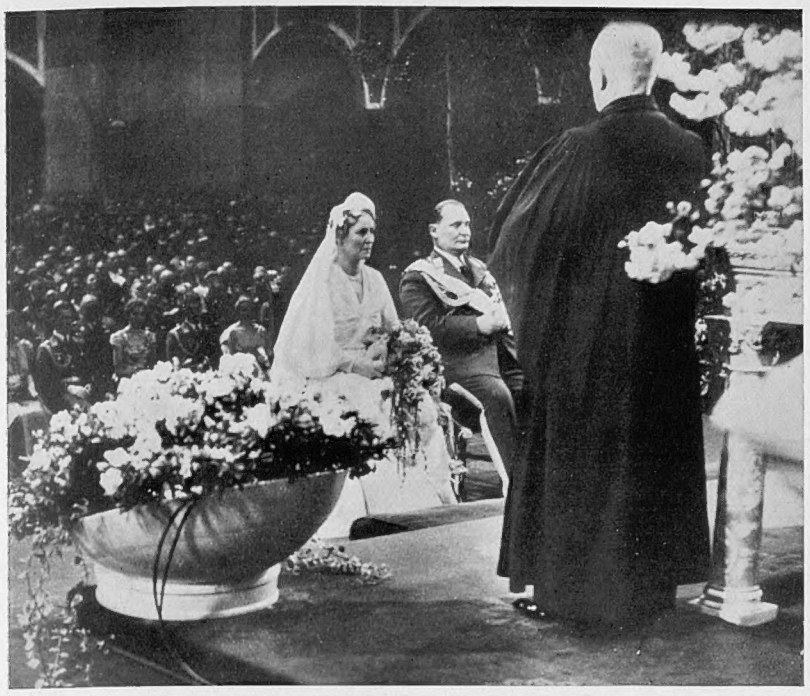
Above — LIVING GRANDSTANDS: Some of the elephants from which the spectators viewed the running-off of the various heats

THE VICTOR AND HIS QUARRY

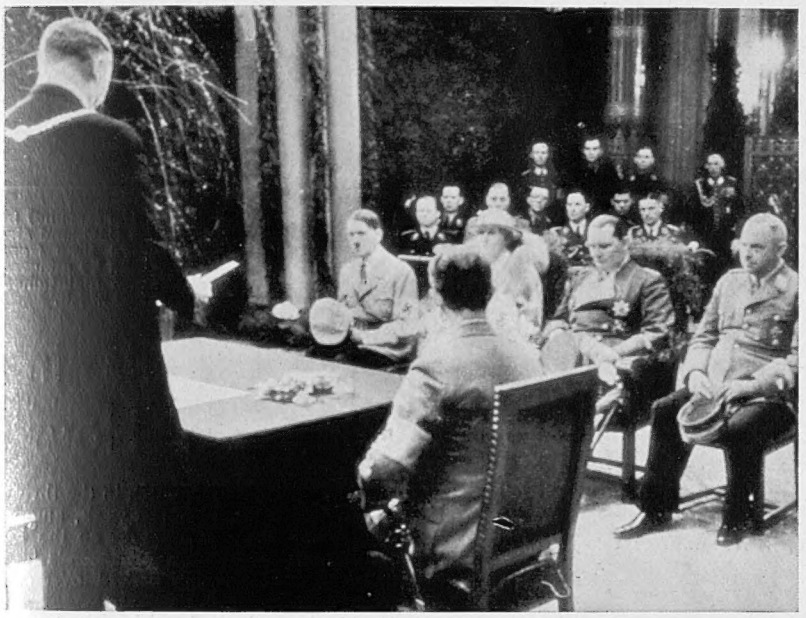
Lieutenant the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell, the winner of the cup, seen with his horse Lindy Loo and the pig which he accounted for in the final heat. He is an officer in the Royal Dragoons and is the third son of the present Viscount Boyne

GENERAL GÖRING MARRIED

Pomp and Ceremony in Berlin



ON THE CHANCEL STEPS: General Göring, the Prussian Premier and German Minister for Air, seen with his bride, Frau Emma Sonnemann (the Prussian State actress) during the marriage ceremony which was held in the Lutheran Cathedral in Berlin and conducted by Bishop Mueller. The building was crowded with notabilities and the congregation included Field Marshal von Mackensen, General von Blomberg, Dr. Schacht, and Prince August Wilhelm



AT THE CITY HALL: Chancellor Hitler, who acted as chief witness, Frau Sonnemann, General Göring, and Herr Kerrl (a member of the Cabinet) attending the civil marriage which was performed by the Chief Burgomaster prior to the religious ceremony in the cathedral

HERE COMES THE BRIDE: A guard of honour giving the Nazi salute as the couple left the cathedral, passing beneath the huge figure of Christ in the act of blessing. Resounding cheers greeted them from the vast crowd gathered at the foot of the steps

THE RECEPTION AND WEDDING BREAKFAST: *Left*—General Göring shaking hands with some of the peasant folk who came from his native town to wish him luck. *Right*—Chancellor Hitler and the bridal couple seated at the head of the table during the banquet at the Hotel Kaiserhof. The repast, which was of a most sumptuous nature, was provided by a well-known shipping company

THE FRENCH DELEGATION: M. Laval (Foreign Minister) and M. Flandin (Premier) inspecting a guard of honour on their arrival at Stresa for last week's conference. The result of the meeting was declared to be highly satisfactory

THE LEADERS OF THE THREE POWERS: *Left*—M. Flandin, the French Premier, walking down the platform with the British Ambassador, Sir George Clerk, before leaving Paris for Stresa by train. *Right*—Signor Mussolini greeting Mr. MacDonald on his arrival. During the conference the Italian authorities took the most elaborate precautions to protect delegates, and in Stresa itself all street intersections were heavily guarded by members of the militia

FAMILY REUNION: The Duke and Duchess of Kent seen with Prince Nicholas of Greece whom they visited in Paris on their return from their long visit to the West Indies. Their Royal Highnesses will shortly be going to Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, where the Duke will hold court in his capacity as High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Afterwards they will take up residence in their new house in Belgrave Square

ANNIHILATING SPACE: The D. H. Comet (foreground) in which Mr. Hugh Buckingham of the De Havilland Aircraft Company recently flew in record time from Croydon to Le Bourget. The journey took 59 minutes from take-off to landing and the 'plane maintained an average speed of more than 220 m.p.h.

London to Paris in Less than an Hour

I CONFESS without shame to a catch in the throat and a thrill of British pride when last week, among a group of French friends, I saw a small dot on the Le Bourget horizon resolve itself within a few seconds into a tiny, streamlined aeroplane which flashed over our heads like a streak of scarlet lightning.

Mr. Hugh Buckingham, a de Havilland test pilot had, with a cross wind of 45 m.p.h. against him, and the bumpiest atmospheric conditions which forced him to throttle down throughout the flight, broken the Croydon–Le Bourget record by covering 220 miles in 59 min. from take-off to landing. From control-tower to control tower his time was 54 min. The previous record, held by an American, was 67 min.

Moreover, it was, quite apart from the record, a significant international occasion, for Mr. Buckingham was delivering the first of two de Havilland Comets ordered by the French Government. In 1935, buying, not imitation, is perhaps the sincerest form of flattery.

Actually two nations have paid real compliments to this particular Comet, for after Cathcart-Jones and Waller established a record by flying it from England to Melbourne and back in thirteen-and-a-half days, it was lent to the Belgian pilot, Franchomme, christened by gracious permission the *Reine Astrid*, and set up a new record for Brussels to Leopoldville and back; and now Jean Mermoz, the French air ace, hero of innumerable South Atlantic crossings, is to carry out experimental mail flights with it between France and South America via Dakka and Natal (Brazil). If this is not a record for a British machine to be proud of I do not know what is, and that was why I rejoiced when Mr. Buckingham succeeded in delivering the Comet to its new owners with a final flourish.

French aviation circles are very interested in the machine that France has bought because it is likely to offer the best solution of the problem presented by their long-distance air mail route to South America. Stripped of technical language, the essential problem of this route is to get across the South Atlantic as quickly as possible, because the longer you stay in the air over it the more likely you are to fall into it. The Dakka–Natal ocean jump has hitherto been made by powerful machines, handicapped by the heavy petrol loads necessary. The Comet is a fast machine of modest engine power which gets its speed by clean-cut design.

Jossleyn Hennessy

Age-old Relics of the New World

ANTIQUITIES OF ARIZONA: These prehistoric cliff dwellings in the Canyon de Chelley, near Gallup, were formerly inaccessible to the ordinary tourist, but they can now be reached by car on an excellent new motor road. Part of the building, set half-way up the 1,000 ft. cliff, is said to have been whitewashed with gypsum by the original inhabitants

A RARE FIND IN TENNESSEE: A view of the largest American Indian burial ground ever excavated, which has been brought to light near Knoxville, during the preparation of the site of the vast new Norris Dam. The bodies are each placed on a stone slab, and are mostly in a flexed position, but nothing indicating to what period of history they belong has as yet been found

THE NEW DUNLOP
'90'
THE WORLD'S MASTER TYPE
DUNLOP FORT '90'
DRC 1935
PERFECT CONTROL
C.F.H.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY IMPROVEMENTS: A train passing over Southerham Bridge, where work is now in progress on the electrification of the London–Eastbourne line. The engineers are having to overcome considerable difficulties, and, where the track crosses the Ouse, concrete tunnels for the cables are being constructed beneath the bed of the river

MATTERS MECHANICAL

TO SPEED UP PRODUCTION: Manufactured in Birmingham, this large electro-magnetic drum is to be used at the Yorkshire Sugar Beet Refinery at Poppleton for removing extraneous matter from the sugar

A GIANT OF THE AGE OF STEEL: This 200 ft. girder, which is to span the entrance to the new hangar at Heston aerodrome, was recently placed in position. It weighs 47 tons, but twelve men were able to manœuvre it with the help of two derricks

PREPARING FOR THE NEXT DROUGHT: A view of the foundations of the dam which is being built at Talybont, Breconshire, to convert the valley into a great lake for supplying the town of Newport, Monmouthshire, with water. The staging in the foreground indicates the height the dam will reach when completed

THE TEUTON FIST

German Might in 1914—and Now

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

THE Berlin Loudspeaker has given us to understand that he relies on Germany's strong right arm, and not upon pacts or parchment, in the matter of Germany's taking a place in the sun once again; some place, we must presume, considered to correspond to that she occupied last time before she decided she had not got enough sun.

The push for collective peace goes on, as far as this country is concerned. Our endeavour would seem to be to stretch matters out as long as is safely possible in the hope that time may work towards the best of all war-hindering solutions "in our time"; modification of the territorial clauses of the Peace Treaties, executed by arrangement, the arrangement at the same time to render physically impossible, within any computable span, war-waging by that Power which would most benefit by the changes in view. Required would be the solid certainty that any Germany towards which (at the expense of immense difficulty) the rest of Europe might be generous territorially, simply *could* not turn the fresh muscles she thus acquired against her benefactors, behave again, suddenly, as in 1914. Perhaps much more suddenly.

Is there now any hope of the necessary "others" voluntarily contributing to the appearance of a still more powerful *Führerland*, or is the mistrust even of this Germany, "bleeding at all her borders" already too deep? Permit a personal remark. For years, while privileged to write in this paper, I insinuated wherever possible the policy of what may be called *savoir donner*—to give while the giving was good. The time to have done that was when France and others were, instead, recklessly and needlessly putting Hitlerism in the saddle. We might have got away with it—giving amid safety—as late as Bruening, in early 1932. Is it possible at all now, at this late day, this policy of give? May not somebody have to be, somehow, brought to his senses first?

Rather courageously, considering the blowing of other Ministerial winds, Mr. Duff Cooper twice in successive speeches spoke what one feels must lie in the back of many minds. The idea is not new, but has only lately begun to crystallise fully. Mr. Duff Cooper visualised the peace-determined nations standing round Europe in a ring, fingers touching, so strong, so one-purposed and jaw-clinched, that their victory against the exploder would be as certain as it would be swift. "Keeping the peace." Maybe there can be good in arms if . . . now that so many of us definitely do not want to fight each other any more. Presumably, too, as this protesting ring stood at the alert, it might ultimately find itself impelled to put an embargo on the entry into the menacing land of all raw materials which could be turned into war-waging equipment of any kind or description. For example, nickel continues to flow into Germany from Canada.

If this ring should gradually appear through the mists, how would Germany look in the middle of it? Essentially, how might the Third Realm come to compare, in point of mail-fistedness, with the Fatherland of 1914?

Musty maps and military publications of 1914 lie to hand and are being helpful. Let us cast back to those days and explore the "armed camp of Europe" as it mobilized one July week-end

Germany had a standing army of 840,000 divided into twenty-five army corps. "On mobilization day the fifty active divisions were brought up to war establishment with reservists, and the extra Guard regiments formed a 3rd Guard Division. In addition to these fifty-one active divisions, thirty-two reserve divisions were formed from the surplus reservists in the depôts and also from the Landwehr 1st Ban. The reserve corps took the field simultaneously with the active corps." So that Germany at once put into the field 1,478,000 men of the most wonderful army the modern world has known. She had the second biggest fleet, and a splendid one. Her air arm was as developed as anyone else's, more so. Germany had interior lines from Hamburg to Baghdad. Proceeding along them, we encounter the immense Habsburg Empire preparing to give battle with a man-power raised on a 50,000,000 population. And after that, the sturdy Bulgars; and from Kirk Kilissé onward, the eternally-scrapping Turk. Bulgar and Turk were a little late in "coming in," but it hardly alters the picture.

The Central Powers struck when they were ready, their leader having long prepared for The Day. Whom did they strike?

They struck an England with a tip-top fleet and with six mobilizable divisions and forty "possible" aeroplanes. An England with nothing whatever prepared for a tremendous conflict, and with one and all of us civilians not dreaming for an instant that we should ever be drawn into things. They struck a nearly unprotected Belgium taken off her guard. They struck an over-excited France that mobilized more than 1,000,000 men all right straight away and then proceeded to put into operation a plan over which there had been raging disaccord and which was to prove a disaster. They did not have to strike Italy, and were helped rather than hindered by the Swiss Confederation. And the only other people these mighty Central Powers had to strike was the great sprawling and nerveless colossus of the Tsar—when I got out there a few months later its front was 800 miles long. Holland and the Scandinavian lands were definitely more disposed in Germany's favour than in ours.

Now let us go round this same circle, cover the same ground to-day.

Germany throws the project of a 500,000 army in our faces; but that is of course only a beginning. Note that she is organizing on the basis of the Division, no longer of the Army Corps, "which did not prove a suitable tactical unit" in 1914–18. She is to have thirty-six Divisions. As well say that she is planning 36 smaller Army Corps. She has a rare pool of experienced officers and N.C.O.'s to draw upon, and a residue of 1,000,000, 2,000,000, 3,000,000 blindly dedicated males, mostly young, trained, and hardened. She has a toy fleet. But in the air she may even now be second to none. And she has the all-compelling Hitler. And so little to lose. But what else has she? Seemingly the Poland of Beck-Pilsudski—which means a divided Poland—and remember, anyway, that the Central Powers made half the Poles fight for them last time; Silesia, Posen, Galicia, the "Corridor," were all Austro-Prussian. And Germany has elements of Austria with her. The falling-off in support in this quarter, generally, may be deduced from Mussolini's "answer to Germany's re-arming." The Duce would re-arm Germany's erstwhile allies, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria! The latter country's Queen is Italian and its King visits Balmoral. These things count. The Prince's visit to Budapest counts. Hence British popularity in Vienna.

As for the fine Ataturk in his far-off Angora, he wants no war, he wants to build on, and he is friendly with Stalin, and has a sensible respect for certain others.

So that the German war-making influence which once ran from Admiral Scheer, at Kiel, to Marshal von der Goltz, in the City of the Caliphs, looks to-day to be a distinctly cramped and contracted affair.

What stands round it?

A France dug in to the eyebrows, armed to the teeth, wise as an owl, and still possessing Pétain and Weygand. A France that has learnt the military errors of the past and which would never again *attaquez toujours!* (à la Colonel de Grandmaison). A France that evidently intends to reply, a man for a man, to the newly-arising German Army. A France that crowds the sky and has tanquettes that do "forty" in the Vosges. A France permanently on the qui vive.

A Switzerland unmistakably swung away from former pro-German inclinations which has even had to pay attention to her army in fear of Nazi incursions. A Switzerland, too, which harbours the only authority in the world striving to maintain equity, organism so profoundly absent in 1914.

An Italy profoundly transformed in the military sense. We need not take the Duce too seriously when he waves 7,000,000 bayonets to the skies. That is for the gallery; himself knows the truth, what he really can rely on. That this new Italy would put up a far better show is a dead certainty.

A Jugoslavia conducted by an Old Etonian, reknitting friendship with Italy.

A Rumania whose indispensable statesman is the fiery leader of anti-revisionism in the Succession States.

A Czechoslovakia whose new-found statehood is jeopardised more than anybody politic, anywhere, by Nazi ambitions; whose soldiers were among the pick of the Austro-German forces last time; and whose Benes has put his foot down. The Czechs have a small standing army of 60,000—yet this article is anything but a tale of figures. More pregnant is Czech possession of the famous Skoda armaments plant. Indeed the whole way round the ring we behold nations very well found in arms, and eyes skinned compared with 1914.

A Russia of the 900,000 Red Army and biggest air force, a country determined to protect *à outrance* an ideal, and which simply could not show anything approaching the corruption and disorganization of the Czarist hosts. They were fine men in the first winter long ago but they hadn't got a bullet. They were beaten on the Nevski Prospect. Under Vorischilov, that at least should not occur. A Revolution to defend means a lot.

A grouping of newly-born Baltic lands, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, that knows Berlin is only biding its time to gobble them up.

A Scandinavia that has contributed more to the backbone of the League than most Great Powers; a triple nationhood in no way favouring the Germans as was considerably the case in 1914, and which would acquiesce in most sanctions aimed at preserving the collective peace.

A Belgium war-wise and wideawake, and which, one would hazard, even Germans would never dare hurt again; a neighbouring Holland seeing to its aerial and flooding defences vis-à-vis a no longer so popular member of the tribe. Here in the Low Countries, too, one may say that Locarno hovers, locking Western Powers together in certain eventualities.

A Holland that is also no longer the friend she was of Germany.

A Britain . . . ?

Well, a Britain that is at any rate taking immediate steps to be far readier than she was twenty-one years ago; and which one certainly can never see attacking France or Italy! We may stay out of the ring, no doubt will, in as far as signing anything further is concerned. Our job is precisely that of mediator, a rôle no other can fulfil. Yet if we fail in this, who can doubt but that Hitler would be mistaken in relying upon us to help him?

(Continued on p. 116)

The Palais de Justice Escapes Being Burnt Out for the Third Time

A PAGE FROM PARIS

Two Women Police to Tackle Child Welfare Problems in the City

A NARROW SHAVE FOR AN HISTORIC BUILDING: The Tour Saint Louis of the Palais de Justice, in Paris, being sprayed with water during the fire which broke out there a few days ago and destroyed some of the less important archives of the Court of Cassation. There was no repetition however, of the disastrous conflagrations of 1618 and 1776, and the main building was unharmed. The cause of the outbreak is not certain, but it is thought to have been due to the overheating of a chimney

A NOTABLE INNOVATION: Mlle Berthe Rolland and Mlle Simone Montvert, the first two women to be appointed members of the Paris police force, photographed with some of their colleagues. Their duties will be to watch over social conditions in the slum quarters of the city, and among the tasks specially assigned to them will be the prevention of child mendicity and of the exploitation of child labour, and the surveillance of approaches to schools

RETREAT: Students entering for the Prix de Rome, the prize which it is the ambition of every young artist to win, have to keep themselves in seclusion when creating the masterpieces which they submit to the judges. Entrants are seen here arriving at a house in Paris preparatory to being placed under lock and key

THE VILLAGE OF SVAN, which stands at an altitude of about 8,000 ft. at the crest of the Georgian military highway, a road which the Russians began to construct in 1784. The watch towers seen in this picture are at least 300 years old and constitute a reminder of the tribal warfare once prevalent in the region of the Caucasus

I made my headquarters in Armenia at Erivan, the capital, a town of typically Oriental aspect comprising some 150,000 inhabitants to-day. The houses are mostly of one storey yellow plastered brick and of sun-dried clay, but the monotony of the ochre colouring is relieved by the beauty of the sky-blue domes and minarets of the Shiite mosques of the Persians, who captured the town from the Turks in 1635 and held it until 1827, when the Russians stormed it and retained it. From Erivan my travels in the country took me to the Sevan Lake in the north, which is the largest lake at such an altitude (6,380 ft.) in the world, measuring fifty-seven and twenty-five miles at its greatest length and breadth respectively. From lovely Delijan in the Pambak Mountains north-east of the lake I returned, after some days, to Erivan after exploring the region of Novo Bayazet on the western coast, and set off to the great Armenian Monastery of Echmiadzin fifteen miles due west, where I was received by the Armenian Patriarch himself, subsequently visiting the site of ancient Armavir (contemporary of

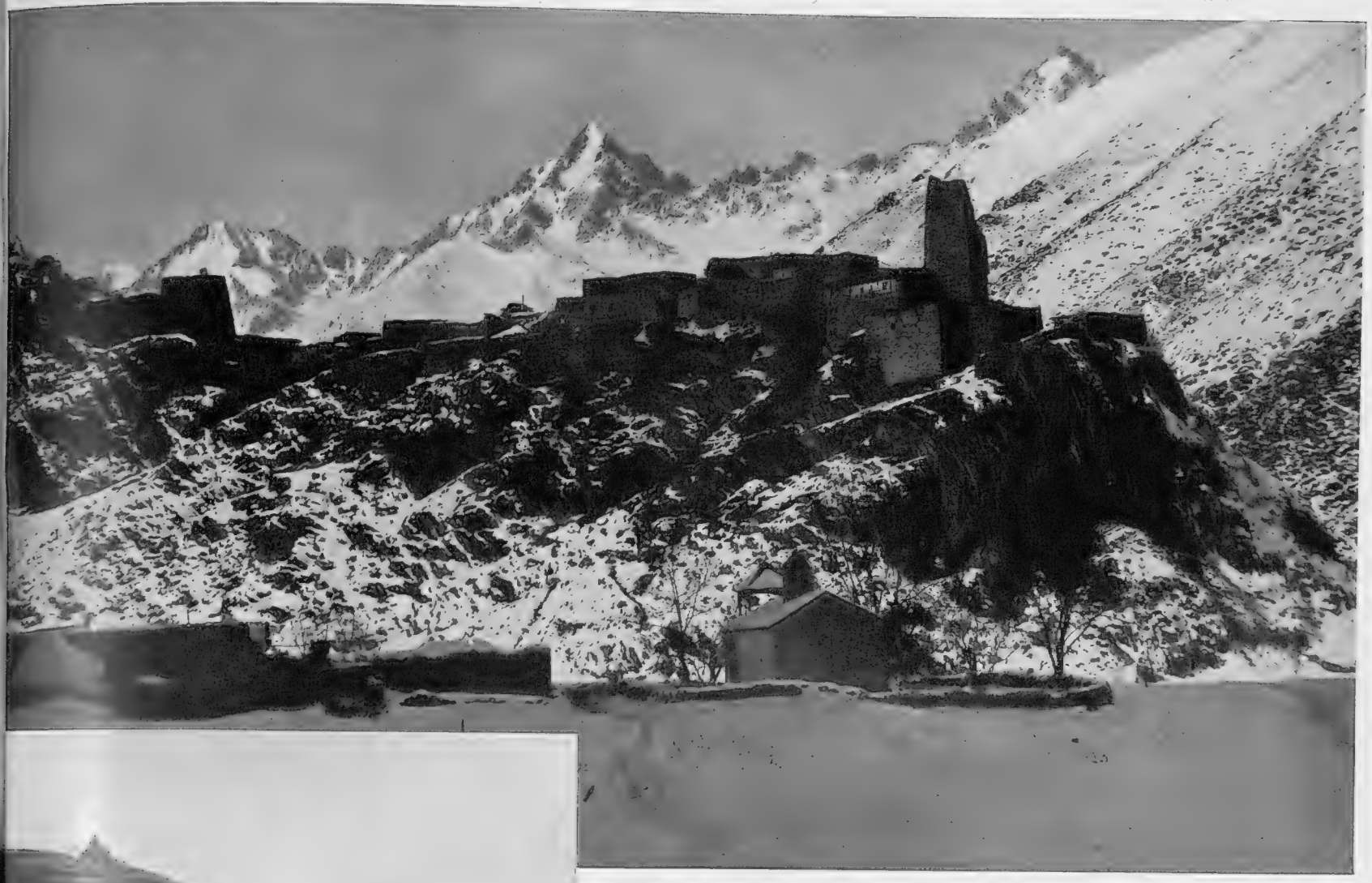
OVERLOOKING THE ZANGA GORGE: This mosque is all that remains of the seventeenth-century palace of the Sirdars, which was shelled by the Russians in 1827, when the Province of Erivan was freed from the Persian yoke and became a part of Russia. At the time of the bombardment many of those who had sought shelter in the palace were killed

MECCA OF THE DEVOUT

"CITY OF THE DEAD": This is the nar Dargavs which lies to the north-west within the tom

BACK FROM ARMENIA AND THE PERSIAN BORDER

A Series of Pictures Taken by a "Sphere" Correspondent in the Neighbourhood of the Historic Overland Trade Route to India



LIVING IN THE PAST: The village of Ashar, which is inhabited by the Khevsurs, a tribe claiming to be descended from the Crusaders, and which still clings to the customs of the Middle Ages. On their feast days the men may still be seen in mail armour and bearing the old types of straight, cross-handled swords

The Holy Isle on the Sevan Lake in North Armenia and its fourth-century monastery which is the scene of an important religious festival every August when hundreds of pilgrims pitch their tents upon the grassy slopes

given by the Ossetian tribes to this ancient cemetery near the village of Vladikavkaz at the foot of the Caucasus. Layer upon layer of bodies rest which were all closed about 200 years ago

Nineveh) in the desolate valley of the Arax almost at the foot of historic Mount Ararat. An interminably slow train from Erivan bore me to Tiflis, the capital since A.D. 500 of lovely Georgia, whence I set out by easy stages to Vladikavkaz, 150 miles to the north. along the Georgian military highroad which traverses the very heart of the Caucasus, visiting remote monasteries, mingling amongst the Khevsur Georgian tribes in their villages and amongst the Ossetians and the Inghooshi lying at the north of the road. The exquisite scenery leaves an indelible impression on the memory for the verdure on the mountain slopes of the Georgian Road contrasts vividly with the stark, savage grandeur of the mountains in Daghestan, which I subsequently took the opportunity of exploring.

The Georgian road was constructed in part by the Russians in 1784, when Vladikavkaz itself was founded, being actually completed at the beginning of the last century. The road was greatly improved by Prince Bariatinsky in 1861 after he had finally crushed the Lesghian tribes in Daghistan and brought about the surrender of the Muhammadan Imam and Prophet Shamyl with a few hundred of his followers in a little birchwood on the top of Mount Gunib which lies in the very heart of this wild mountain country.

Eric King

THE ARMOUR OF FAITH: Beautifully-worked aprons of this type were worn beneath their mail by the semi-Christian Khevsur tribesmen, who believed that these garments, when blessed by a priest, afforded additional protection in time of battle

BATH'S ART GALLERY

A Visit to the Holburne of Menstrie Museum—An Institution Deserving of Wider Fame

THE HOLBURNE OF MENSTRIE MUSEUM: An imposing building which was formerly a school and was adapted to its present purpose by Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A. *On right*—A scene in one of the galleries

SOME fifty years ago the City of Bath acquired an art collection through the bequest of a Miss Mary Holburne, who desired that it should form the nucleus of a museum of fine arts in the city. Bath itself is such a thing of beauty—"a city of the eighteenth century, bland and beautiful, dreaming with her grey-stone eyes of the glories of an unforgettable past," as one of her lovers describes her—that the many visitors who pay homage every year have so much to see of architectural and historic importance that few realize the delights to be found in the new Holburne of Menstrie Museum.

SELF-PORTRAIT BY THOMAS BARKER, the well-known Bath painter whose style is reminiscent of that of Rembrandt. He was to a great extent self-taught and, strangely enough, some of his best work was done before he was twenty-one

Perhaps this is due to the somewhat cumbrous title, which conveys no indication of the contents and is rather apt to imply something grimly scholastic. The donor, Miss Holburne, inherited the collection from her brother, Sir Thomas William Holburne, who was the fifth and last baronet of a Nova Scotia creation of 1706. These particular baronetcies were due to an ingenious idea of King James I to encourage the colonization of Nova Scotia, which was being enthusiastically pushed by Sir William Alexander of Menstrie. Anyone who paid 6,000 merks, or sent out some skilled workmen and maintained them for a certain time would receive a baronetcy and 30,000 acres of land. King James hoped that the scheme would appeal to the younger sons of Scottish lairds, who in most cases were ill provided for. The Holburnes themselves had achieved some distinction in both Army and Navy from the time of our first Stuart King. Menstrie was a small estate which Sir James Holburne bought in 1649, and which evidently held a large place in the affections of the family, through historical association. It lies about four miles from Sheiffmine in Perthshire, where the indecisive and confused battle was fought in 1715 between the forces led by the Earl of Mar for the Old Pretender, and the royal army under the Duke of Argyll. Holburne of Menstrie had joined Argyll's army as a volunteer, forming one of the *troupe dorée* as Sir Walter Scott describes the many noblemen who served as troopers, rather than as leaders of their own followers, as their ancestors had done. He had also kept twenty men to guard Menstrie Glen, who did their duty manfully repelling many attempts of the enemy to force their way through. Natural family pride in this event has tacked the name of Menstrie to the museum in Bath, though the small estate only belonged to the Holburnes for some eighty years.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG ARTIST: A canvas by Joseph Wright, of Derby, which possibly represents George Morland

Sir Thomas Holburne, who had made the nucleus of the collection, was born in 1793, served in the Navy, fighting at Trafalgar, and spent his latter years of retirement at Bath, where he lived with his sister. He had considerable judgment in art matters, and the collection which bears his name is full of charm and interest. It is now housed in one of the graceful eighteenth-century houses in which Bath is so rich, recalling the days of fashion when Beau Nash reigned in the Assembly Rooms. It faces at the end of Pulteney Street, giving a dignified balance to the whole view, so characteristic of the century. Originally built as an hotel by C. Harcourt Masters in 1797, it adjoined the famous Sydney Gardens, the open-air meeting place of fashion. The Sydney Hotel was built at the pinnacle of Bath's fame, the decline in popularity increasing as the nineteenth century progressed, due probably to the opening up of the continent after the defeat of Napoleon. When visitors no longer made the hotel profitable it became a school, but now as the home of a museum of art it is performing its most suitable service.

The contents of the Museum are very representative, including glass, china, silver, furniture and pictures, consisting of the original Holburne bequest and subsequent gifts from various benefactors who have greatly added to the value of the collection. The pictures are all well hung, and reward a visit, though some of them are not quite the masterpieces which Sir Thomas Holburne considered them Local artists are most properly given a place of honour, particularly the Barkers of Bath, a family which boasted much talent. Thomas Barker, the best known of his family, was born at Pontypool, Monmouthshire, in 1769.

He had the good fortune to work for a coachbuilder who was so struck by his artistic ability that he gave him the opportunity to devote himself to art, and also advanced him the money to go to Rome to study, where he stayed

(*Continued on p.* 118)

SHEEP-SHEARING: Another example of the work of Thomas Barker, who excelled as a painter of landscape. He was born at Pontypool, where his father was a designer in a japan factory

JUDGMENT OF PARIS: An early German conventional treatment of the subject, the artist of which is not known. Mercury is represented as an old man with a flowing beard and robe

MARIUS AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE: A picture by Giovanni Pannini, most of whose compositions are notable for their architectural detail and for the graceful grouping of figures

Spring in the Countryside

TRIUMPH AND DISASTER: Mr. K. L. Lindsay's Jane Grey taking the water jump in brilliant style while a fellow competitor coaxes his mount to the bank of the stream after a fall. A dramatic picture taken at the Grafton Hunter Trials held last week near Towcester, Northants

LEAVING FOR A SPRING CRUISE: The season on the Broads is now getting under way, and some of the first holidaymakers are seen here about to set out from Wroxham on a voyage along the waterways of East Anglia. Sailing conditions during the past few weeks have been ideal

INDEPENDENT OF LOCAL AUTHORITIES: Brother Martin, a Franciscan Friar, who, with the help of one assistant, is constructing a reservoir and laying a pipe line to ensure that Panton College, Lincolnshire, shall receive an adequate water supply in time of drought

"WHEN APRIL TOSSES BOUNTY": Looking across the Vale of Evesham where the plum blossom has created a riot of colour. It is to be hoped that, later in the year, the farmers will not once again experience the annoyance of having to dispose of their crops at uneconomic prices

"GOLGOTHA"

Scenes from the French Film, which was Recently Made in Algeria, Depicting the Trial and Crucifixion of Christ

THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM: A magnificent reconstruction made for the film on a hill at Fort-de-l'Eau, near Algiers. The director, M. Julien Duvivier, decided that the cost of making the picture in the Holy Land would be prohibitive, and chose North Africa as the setting, partly on account of its nearness to France and partly because the scenery there is not dissimilar to that in Palestine. Contrary to expectation the Arabs showed great unwillingness to take any part in the production, but the difficulty of obtaining extras was solved by the Kabyles, a Berber race living in the uplands, who were only too anxious to earn the high wages offered

CROWNED WITH THORNS: A brutal Roman soldier spits in the face of Christ. The latter part is played by M. Le Vigan with rare sympathy and insight

"WHY, WHAT EVIL HATH HE DONE?": Caiaphas, the High Priest (M. Charles Gravoie), attempts to persuade Pontius Pilate to agree to the crucifixion of Jesus, a course which he is at first unwilling to take

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS: The Virgin Mary (portrayed by Madame Juliette Verneuil) faints in the arms of Mary Magdalene and the other women who accompanied her to Golgotha. *Left*—Christ falls with the cross on the way to the crucifixion, while the populace look on and jeer

The First Easter Filmed

□

On right—INTUITION: Claudia (Mlle Edwige Feuillère), the wife of Pontius Pilate, counsels her husband (M. Jean Gabin) in the interests of his own happiness not to condemn Jesus to death. A scene from the French film, *Golgotha*, which has been made in Algeria by M. Julien Duvivier

THE MOCKING OF CHRIST: "And the soldiers led him away into the hall, called Praetorium; and they call together the whole band. And they clothed him with purple, and plaited a crown of thorns, and put it about his head. And began to salute him, Hail, King of the Jews! And they smote him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon him, and bowing their knees, worshipped him. And when they had mocked him, they took off the purple from him, and put his own clothes on him, and led him out to crucify him"

YUGOSLAVIA M

The Church of the Karageor

A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE: Historic war flags decorating pillars in the church of the Karageorgevitch dynasty at Oplenatz, about fifty miles from Belgrade, where the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia was buried last year after his assassination in the streets of Marseilles. The church stands in a commanding position overlooking the village of Topola, which, over 130 years ago, was the first capital of liberated Serbia

THE NATION'S FOCAL POINT: *Left*—Yugoslavians, dressed in their picturesque national costumes, arriving by one of the excursion trains which at the week-ends bring countless mourners to the shrine at Oplenatz. *Right*—An exterior view of the church which was begun by Peter I (1844-1921) and the foundations of which were laid on the hill where the king opened his successful campaign against the Turks

"THE SWEET REMEMBRANCE OF THE JUS
in the crypt of the church at Oplenatz wi
pray for the departed and to swear fait
troubled thrones in Europe.

PAYING
HOMAGE

OURNS HER MARTYRED MONARCH

evitches at Oplenatz, where the Late King Alexander is Buried

ST SHALL FLOURISH WHEN HE SLEEPS IN DUST": Mourners at the tomb of King Alexander hich to-day is being visited by Yugoslavians from all parts of the country, who come there both to h to Peter II—the young king who succeeded in such tragic circumstances to one of the most *On right*—The head of Christ in the beautiful mosaic adorning the dome of the church

An everyday scene at the shrine—the Mecca of loyal Yugoslavians of every class

WHERE SERBS, CROATS, AND SLOVENES ARE UNITED IN A COMMON BOND OF SYMPATHY: A crowd of mourners, each man a delegate from some Yugoslavian town or village, waiting their turn to kneel before the shrine of their murdered monarch. During his life King Alexander attempted to bring together the three races of his kingdom: the manner of his death has brought the attainment of that ideal yet nearer

RUMANIA REMEMBERS: *Left*—Queen Marie, mother of King Carol, leaving the cathedral at Bucharest after attending a solemn requiem in memory of the late King Albert of Belgium, the late King Alexander, the late M. Barthou (French Foreign Minister), and the late M. Poincaré (France's war-time President). *Right*—Members of the Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants on the cathedral steps

SPRING PARADE: Admiring the blossoms in a park in Kyoto, the old capital of Japan

Blossom Time in Japan

By ANNE ROSCOE

PLUM, cherry, Mount Fuji—courage, loyalty, steadfastness—all are inextricably mixed up in Japanese life and lore.

The Japanese have a genuine appreciation of the beauties of nature, and pilgrimages to visit places noted for their blossoms are considered just as necessary as Easter holidays in this country.

The pride of every garden is a plum tree, the older the better; its white blossoms are popularly supposed to call man's thoughts to nobler deeds. As is natural with a flower so beloved there are special plum gardens where all may go and spend a day picnicking happily under the trees, singing songs that have been handed down for generations.

The aged trunks and branches become gnarled and twisted into queer shapes and are often given names, such as Recumbent Dragon. When the flowers bloom many are the poems hung on the branches praising their samurai spirit in their gentle fragrance, their simple form, and their bravery in facing the cold winds. "Out of seeming death, beauty."

The cherry blossom has long been in Japan what the rose is to Western nations. Poets have sung it for over a millennium past, and to-day when its pink blossoms fill the air crowds go forth to pay their tribute. The cherry tree is a true native of Japan, and as such is closely associated with the samurai spirit. The noble form of the flower, its faint scent which never palls, and its delicate colour, are supposed to be the emblems of the Japanese character. An old Japanese proverb says, "The cherry is first among flowers, as the warrior is first among men."

Towards the beginning of April the flowers are at their best. Hundreds and thousands of visitors crowd to the famous spots: to Tokyo to see the avenue of cherries presented to the city at the end of the last century by Sir Ernest Satow, British Minister to Japan; to Kyoto to see the thirteenth-century cherry trees growing among pines and maples on the bank of the river; to the base of Mount Fuji to see the mountain cherry on the well-wooded foothills.

Just as the cherry plays a part in the life of the people so does the sacred mountain, Fuji. Its clear-cut shimmering sides pierce the clouds and dominate the surrounding hills. During the Middle Ages, when its volcanic fires were more active than at present, a commonplace of the poets was to liken the ardour of their love to that which lit up the mountain top with flame. Fuji inspired the water-colours of the old masters no less than she does the oils of their modern successors.

There are two kinds of fools, according to the Japanese: those who never climb Fuji and those who do it twice. Formerly all able-bodied men hoped to acquire merit in the world to come by climbing up to the shrine which is at the top of the mountain.

Left—THE SACRED PEAK: Fuji-no-yama, the beauties of which have inspired poets and artists since the dawn of Japanese history

THE HAND-BALL PALACE OF THE MAYAS

New Pictures of the Ruins of Chichen-Itza, Mexico

BODY LINE: The thaxtli ground at Chichen-Itza in the province of Yucatan, Mexico, where the ancient Maya tribesmen played a dangerous hand-ball game of a semi-religious character. Before the court could be used it had to be formally consecrated at midnight on a lucky day, and an interesting rule existed to the effect that the player who was fortunate enough to score a "goal," a feat but rarely performed, could claim all the outer garments of the spectators. The ball was of a tremendous weight, sufficient to kill a man if he received a direct hit, and the participants wore hip shields, gauntlets, and helmets—facts which bear testimony to the rugged nature of the contest. Not a great deal is known about this sport but it was clearly only in favour with certain tribes and was closely related to their particular form of worship

GRANDSTAND: Two views of the ruins of Chichen-Itza which, next to those at Uxmal, rank as the most important in Yucatan. On the right is the temple building situated at one end of the thaxtli ground and from which the princes and priests of the Itzae tribe probably watched the ball game

RELICS OF A HIGHLY-DEVELOPED CIVILIZATION: Remains of pillars in the courtyard of the palace. The history of the place is unknown, though it is probable that its inhabitants preserved their independence long after the Spaniards had taken possession of the rest of the district. The carvings found there are beautiful in the extreme and still in excellent preservation, while the mural paintings, representing events in the lives of the various rulers, are the finest that adorn the walls of any building in Mexico

IN THE HEART OF ST. JAMES'S: A drawing by Hanslip Fletcher illustrating the demolition of Arlington Street, where the Over-seas League, which is celebrating its silver jubilee this year, is to erect another club building

Arlington Street — Stronghold of Imperialism

An Historic Thoroughfare where the Over-seas League has Established its Headquarters

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is a happy coincidence that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Over-seas League should coincide with the Jubilee of His Majesty. It is an even greater coincidence that the celebrations should take place in the same month of May, there being only eighteen days between the King's Accession and Empire Day. Founded by Sir Evelyn Wrench, the object of the Over-seas League has always been to promote good feeling amongst the citizens of the British Empire. This good feeling takes a particularly practical form in London, where there are already forty bedrooms, and where it is hoped there will shortly be a hundred bedrooms in the six houses belonging to the League. From the end of Arlington Street, right through to Park Place, there are club-rooms for both men and women members. Here at any given moment you will find visitors from New Zealand, South Africa, Trinidad, Canada, Hong Kong, India, Newfoundland, Australia, the Canary Islands, British Guiana, and even Zanzibar, Peru, and Lagos.

As each member arrives at Vernon House he fills in a form to say where he has come from and how long he intends to stay over here. He is also given every opportunity of getting to know London. He or she will be advised about governesses, squash racquets, hotels, tailors, horseracing, shoemakers, debates in the House of Commons and the House of Lords (for which passes are given), golf (arrangements having been made with Moor Park, Oxhey, Fulwell, Shirley Park, Addington Palace, and other courses), and rambles round London. These vary between a private visit to Crewe House to a tour of Pennyfields and a visit to Charlie Brown's.

The most popular demand of visitors from the Empire is for tickets for the Trooping of the Colour. It is closely followed by a desire to visit Epsom on Derby Day, and the Aldershot Tattoo. All kinds of requests are made however. One member wanted to know where he could buy the best glass-eyes in London. Another wanted to know the quickest method of getting married. Addresses of florists, doctors, and dentists are always being asked for. Other requests which the Welcome Committee frequently get are to see over a newspaper office and the British Broadcasting House.

Though the members are of both sexes, it is strange how few weddings are traceable to the organization. But many good deeds are undoubtedly done by the members. There is in the hall of Vernon House a notice board, one section of which is headed "Good turns." Volunteers are asked to make baby linen for children's clinics. Honorary volunteers offer to take visitors round the museums. Women members offer to take charge of children who are crossing the Atlantic without their parents. An experienced yachtsman "in reduced circumstances" offers his services. Other members ask for games of lawn tennis at the week end.

There seems little doubt that the hospitality of the Over-seas League in London is very genuinely appreciated by visitors from over-seas. At Vernon House there is an official hostess, Mrs. Cooper Day. There are also eighteen members residing in London who take it in turns to act as hostess in the mixed drawing-room every afternoon. They sit at a table with a placard announcing their identity, and if anybody looks lonely he or she is introduced to some other member of his or her sex. In addition, there are fortnightly cocktail parties held on Mondays at which visiting members are invited to wear little labels announcing where they come from. Thus two visitors from the Gold Coast may notice each other's label and find that they have been trying for years to meet in West Africa.

At the present moment the League owns five buildings four of which are occupied. The sixth is being erected at the moment in the courtyard of 16, Arlington Street. It is the strongest Empire Society in the world to-day, and has over 44,000 members. During the war it collected £1,000,000, and also presented the Government with 360 aeroplanes and seaplanes. Since then more than 1,500 poor boys have been taken from distressed areas and established on farms in Canada and Australia, where if they work well they become their own masters at the age of twenty-one. Which happens nine times out of ten.

Another activity of the League is to organize tours of farmers from one part of the Empire to another. For example, last year a party of thirty South African farmers toured the British Isles, and two or three Republicans were converted into strong Imperialists. I note this with interest because as a matter of fact (!) the Over-seas League claims to be entirely non-party. This part of the League work used to be called the British National Union. The Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition was also absorbed last year and its work is carried on. There are two sides to it. The first is the encouragement of British trade under a trade officer who gives personal attention to enquiries from overseas, and assistance to British firms looking for export markets. The trade officer also undertakes propaganda campaigns in the British Isles. The second part of the work is the taking over of the Scholarship Fund for undergraduates from the Dominions who are given an education in English Universities, and vice versa.

Another good thing that the Over-seas League has done has been to persuade the Governments of various Dominions and Colonies to encourage the exhibition of British, as opposed to American and other, films in the Empire. This was particularly successful in New South Wales. This branch of the work certainly is most practical and highly to be commended. Another activity is the fight against Italian propaganda in Malta. At the request of the Foreign Office the Over-seas League has established a library there. The books are specially chosen with a view to the mentality of the young Maltese, and it is hoped even to send out lecturers there in the near future. The strategic importance of Malta in the British Empire needs no underlining.

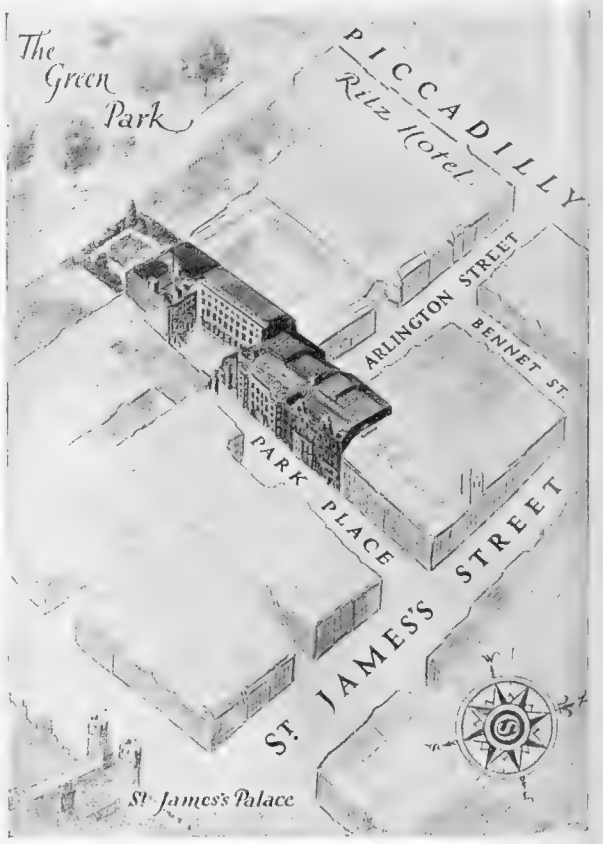
Even when the work in connection with migration had come to an end, the Over-seas League did not slack off. Instead, it is taking similar types of boys to train them on farms in the British Isles.

Altogether, the Over-seas League is a very lively, growing body. Eight years ago it had premises in eight different cities throughout the world. To-day there are premises available for the members in more than thirty. They include Halifax, Toronto, Vancouver, Melbourne, Basrah, Auckland, Caracas in Venezuela. There are also local centres in Cape Town, Alexandria, Montevideo, Rome, Athens, and even Cologne.

There is also a fine little monthly journal called *Over-seas*. An interesting feature in the magazine is the "Members' Exchange" as it is called. Thus a "Young Cornish lady member would like to hear from the congenial spirits amongst the world's workers from any part of the globe. Interested in horses, reading, and writing."

Altogether, it is quite apparent that the Over-seas League deserves the name given it by Lord Baden Powell. He calls it "an elder brother of the Boy Scouts' Association; the only difference is that one is for grown-ups and the other for the growing-ups."

In the great new lecture hall which is going to be built, and for which Scottish members have already paid the necessary money, discussions of every subject affecting the welfare of the British Commonwealth will be arranged. There will also be an Empire library and newspaper room—perhaps to be called the Rhodes Library—where all the leading newspapers and magazines in the Empire will be on file. I gather that something over £30,000 is still needed to guarantee the completion of the new building. It seems a tiny sum to raise in view of the immense good it is going to do.



DEDICATED TO EMPIRE SERVICE: A sketch map showing the position of Arlington Street and of the buildings, actual and prospective, of the Over-seas League

PERSONALIA

SHATTERED ROMANCE: Princess Alexis Mdivani, the Woolworth heiress, seen at Chicago airport when on her way to Reno, Nevada, to begin divorce proceedings against her husband. When she landed in New York a few days before, the most elaborate precautions had to be taken to defend her from the hosts of reporters and cameramen who attempted to locate her

A GAY SEÑORITA: Anita Carmego, appointed chief of the Spanish hostesses who will play an important part at the Californian Pacific International Exhibition which is to be opened at San Diego on May 29

THE NEW KING OF PANTOMIME: Mr. Tom Arnold, who has acquired an interest in Julian Wylie Productions, Ltd., and will carry on the work of the late Mr. Wylie

ENGAGED: Mr. Dudley Usher, son of the Master of the Linlithgow foxhounds, and his fiancée, Miss Antonia Wilkinson, elder daughter of General Sir Percival Wilkinson

TO BE GAOLED? Brigitte Helm, the well-known German film star, who may have to go to prison for two months as the result of the failure of her appeal to the Federal Court at Leipzig against the sentence passed on her last December for a motoring offence. She was married on April 2, and is at present on her honeymoon

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY: Norah Swinburne and Enid Stamp-Taylor who appeared as mannequins at a dress show organized by Mrs. Gerald Glover in aid of the appeal for the Cancer Campaign

EXPERTS ALL: Brigadier-General F. D. Hammond *(left)* seen before he left London last week for China where, at the request of the Chinese Government, he is to advise on the re-organization of the railway system. With him are Mr. F. J. M. Taylor and Mr. L. J. L. Lean, of the G.W.R., who are accompanying him on his four months' tour

A FRENCH CAUSE CÉLÈBRE: M. Paul Cazot and Madame Cazot seen in the court at Fontainebleau where, with M. Jean Millet (the grandson of the famous painter) they were tried last month on a charge of faking and selling a large number of pictures purporting to be by the original Millet. According to the prosecution the three accused ran a "picture-faking factory" at Barbizon, and they succeeded in disposing of bogus works to various galleries, dealers, and collectors in France and England

Science Makes War on the Picture Faker

Apparatus for Detecting the Work of the Forger

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

NEWS that the Courtauld Institute has installed the world's most up-to-date scientific set-up for investigating ancient works of art, with three celebrated technicians in charge (Dr. Ritchie, from Imperial Chemicals' research staff, Dr. D. V. Thompson of Harvard and Yale, the leading authority on the methods of medieval craftsmen, and Dr. Ruhemann, technical consultant from the restoration department of the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum in Berlin), must desolate the large and ramified family of art fakers, and the ingenious crooks and shady dealers who employ or work in with them.

But it would be premature to say that this ends the career of the art faker. For there is more in this peculiar racket than meets even the X-ray eye, and the Institute authorities are wise to stipulate that, although they will investigate works submitted, and advise on constitution and ownership, they will *not* render an opinion on authorship.

The truth is that in most cases an art fake—picture, sculpture, MSS. or antique—is the raw material of a confidence trick. The case of Jean Charles Millet and Paul Cazot, his accomplice, is an intriguing one in point. These two began with an immense advantage. Cazot had the technical skill to paint Millet-school pictures which were almost as good as those of the original master and Millet had the family connection which could be used to authenticate them. On trial last month in Fontainebleau Court they estimated they had received £6,000 from England for the products of their corrupt genius before Michaud, the French art collector, ended their enterprise by suing them for the return of £1,600 he had paid for "Winnower in a Red Cape," a superb picture which he thought was a Millet, but which turned out to be only a Cazot.

Millet is not to be compared to Raphael, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Holbein, the Van Eycks, Van Dyk, and Gainsborough, artists whose masterpieces fetch anything from £20,000 to £150,000 apiece in the market to-day. But £1,000 to £4,000 per "Millet" is not to be sneezed at, especially when they are produced by a copyist content to work for £10 a picture, as Cazot was. And it is doubtful whether these forgers would have much to fear from the amazingly delicate and exact new machines and instruments which test and analyse the physical construction of works of art, and the influence of light and atmosphere. The same may be said of a painter like Van Gogh. There are so many faked Van Goghs on the market that the leading authority on this artist has devoted a special catalogue to them.

AN HISTORIC RELIC: The bed on which the great Millet died in 1875

But where an old master is in question, the formidable testing set-up has something to get its teeth into. Age alone is an important aid. The camera-microscope records the crystal formation of the pigment. The Utropak microscope shows as three distinct layers, canvas, priming, and paint, so that the investigator can see whether cracks go all the way down (evidence, but not necessarily proof, of age), or are superficial (which means faking, and not good faking at that). The spectroscope shows up repainting (which may, of course, mean nothing, enables minute detail comparison to be made, and reports pigmentary impurities otherwise invisible. There is an adaptation of X-rays which gives mineral analysis and demarcation of layers of colour.

The fabric expert can then have his innings; and sometimes when the paint seems to say "seventeenth-century Italian" or "fifteenth-century Dutch," the canvas will shriek: "twentieth-century Montparnasse" (but this would be most remiss of the faker, who should not start to paint his spurious old master unless he has a genuine contemporary canvas to work on, or can age a later canvas to pass all the new scientific tests).

Cavenaghi, the great restorer who preserved Leonardo's fresco of "The Last Supper," once vowed that a restorer's work is more difficult than the art by which the painting was first brought into being. Forgers of old masters are usually Cavenaghis gone wrong. These highly-skilled technicians know as much, and not infrequently more, than the authorities who may subsequently test their masterpieces. They know every brush stroke, every technical trick, every phase, of the masters they specialize in. They are chemist, artist, and technician all in one. They have experimented with pigments and varnishes, chipped paint off old but valueless paintings, works by obscure artists contemporary with the great masters. They have studied the natural history of paintings—the methods of their creation, and the attentions they are likely to have received from restorers working with preservatives in the past—and the lives of the painters.

Not long ago a crooked art-dealer in Buenos Ayres found that Murillos could easily be sold to wealthy widows, who donated them to their favourite church in memory of the dear departed. He found the very man to help him turn this discovery to account—a French restorer who had drifted into picture falsification and, besides being a masterly imitator, able to copy every little brush stroke of the master, and match colours perfectly, knew every trick of the faking trade, from the air driven by electric fans to break fresh varnish into a myriad of tiny cracks to the cunning defacing of a picture with fly specks to simulate age, and the embedding of dust in the varnish through a reversed, vacuum cleaner. These two flooded South America with forged Murillos before they were caught.

It is thought now that the theft of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre on August 21, 1911, was only the central part of an elaborate confidence trick. Six American millionaires had been lined up. Each was willing to buy "La Joconde," and no questions asked; and after the theft six collectors took delivery of skilful copies, believing them to be the real picture. So the story runs. The actual thief was arrested in Florence two years later with "La Joconde" in his trunk. But you cannot persuade many people that the picture that hangs on the wall of the Salon Carré to-day is not a copy.

There are two or three Raphaels in private hands (Lord Duveen a few years back bought the Madonna of 1508 from Lady Desborough for £175,000), but all the rest are in museums and national galleries beyond the reach of millionaire collectors. Yet several collectors are believed to warm their eyes at the colour fire of Raphaels in a secret gallery off their main picture gallery, believing that they own the genuine masterpiece, and that the gallery or museum listed as owning it has a skilful imitation. Whether this is in fact so is anybody's guess. But if rich men have been made the victims of their own lust of acquisition, it is equally true that there are galleries and museums where an almost undetectable fake has been substituted for a genuine picture or antique, and there are impoverished noblemen whose entailed pictures look genuine to the average and even to the connoisseur's eye, but would not bear the scrutiny of the Courtauld fake-detecting apparatus.

Paintings are not, of course, by any means the only field in which the faker works. Statues in marble and bronze are much favoured by the art crook, who ages them with acids, silver nitrate, blue vitriol, faking, or burying in earth. He is very keen on tapestries and other textile hangings—they can be aged more easily; and what he rejoices in is a genuine but damaged piece which he can restore (but seldom now to defeat the violet-ray and the spectroscope), and sell for far more than a piece in excellent condition. Ivory carvings he ages by bitumen, tobacco juice, heat, or prolonged contact with his own skin.

He likes to make small additions to literary pieces which add substantially to their value. He will sign a genuine drawing which the artist carelessly left unsigned, add a signature in a first edition, restore a missing page or fly-leaf to a rare book. Give him an old book and a sheet of old paper—neither of any worth—and he will transform them into a very valuable print of the same period. But every time the Courtauld set-up, and particularly the ray, will detect him, unless every material and chemical he has used in the process is of the same composition as those originally employed. Gum, a bit of binding thread, a scrap of ink—any of these will give him away.

(Continued on p. 116)

MILLET'S STUDIO AT BARBIZON, where he painted such world-famous pictures as "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners"

ART RESEARCH

Scenes in the New Scientific Department of the Courtauld Institute where Pictures are Examined Preparatory to their Restoration

THE STUDIO AT THE COURTAULD INSTITUTE OF ART: Here paintings are investigated by ultra-violet radiations, and magnified photographs of pictures are produced for detailed study. In this way it is often possible to answer queries put by collectors, to solve problems relating to the technique of medieval artists, and to determine the most suitable methods of restoration

REVEALING HIDDEN SECRETS: Placing a picture in position for photographing by means of very "soft," non-penetrating X-rays—a process which sometimes brings to light the presence of an "under-painting" and other features not visible to the naked eye

PHOTO-MICROGRAPHY: Preparing to fit a camera over the eye-piece of a microscope in order to obtain a highly-magnified photograph of a portion of a picture sent in to the Institute for examination

EXAMINING A MINUTE SAMPLE OF PIGMENT by means of a spectrograph, a highly sensitive instrument for analyzing extremely small objects. By this means it is often possible to determine the influence of physical environment on works of art and to detect the first signs of deterioration

Pictures by A. Console

DR. P. D. RITCHIE, head of the new scientific department, investigating the state of a picture with the aid of the Ultropak—an instrument which by an ingenious application of polarised light avoids the false rendering of colour which so often troubles the microscopist. *On right*—Grinding up on the time-honoured porphyry slab a sample of vermilion paint made according to instructions given in an early-Italian manuscript. This method of preparing pigments has been employed for many centuries

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Realism in a New Novel by the Author of "Hatter's Castle"

By many standards a novel may be a big book, and by the lesser ones Dr. A. J. Cronin is justified in filling 700 pages, since his story covers the whole of a decade, and as generation succeeds generation one moral attitude succeeds another as the body politic adjusts itself to a new tempo, and by what is known as progress.

A mining disaster, involving loss of life under awful conditions, is an appalling thing; an enquiry which exonerates the greedy and grasping person most responsible a terrible indictment. Yet these are pre-war happenings, and it requires the passionate and vividly descriptive pen of Dr. Cronin in THE STARS LOOK DOWN (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) to move, as he does, the reader to quick horror at the one and boil with indignation at the other.

Well-nigh incredible, too, were some of the things people said and did during the war. Old man Barras, owner of the Neptune mine, cold-bloodedly sending men to their death for his profit-making principles, can still send his son, stricken with a conscience against war, to prison for "patriotic" reasons. Without any tricks of realism—for this is a conventional novel, conventionally constructed—the author impresses reality upon these things by virtue of his sincerity, knowledge, and purpose. His views, which are clear enough, do not conflict with his muse.

The Bad Men dominate the story; by its text the green bay tree must flourish. When old Barras goes down at last there is another full-sized villain on the stage, Joe Gowlan, who profiteered his way from a worker in the mine to a position of power and respectability. His fellow-worker, David Fenwick, sticks to his ideals, gets a little way with them, and then fails and has to go back. Upon Arthur Barras is the mark of failure from the beginning. Bad and good, they get the women, bad and good, they do and do not deserve. Jenny, Laura, Sally—but we must remember the green bay tree.

Upon the material side Dr. Cronin's story is raw, vivid, and completely convincing. Spiritually it seems to me to lack everything; I can feel no real power of evil behind Joe's petty unscrupulousnesses, the abandoned women go pale-pink rather than scarlet, while the high purposefulness of David loses whatever radiance it might have through his incurable and ever-recurring priggishness.

It is a literary man's story—of events recorded with a pen of masterly description, of men and women created to state a case. The statement is everything—complete—and, as I have said, convincing. But how can that be enough? "When men the fiends do fight, they conquer not upon such easy terms."

Another book with a purpose is Joseph Roth's ANTICHRIST (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), but here the author attacks the manifestations of materialism, the cinema, the popular press, fascism, communism, upon purely spiritual grounds. Manifestations, he maintains, of that Antichrist which has been the enemy of the progressive spirit of man since man began consciously to take a hand in his own destiny.

The publishers quote Professor Einstein, who "shares the pain felt by a clear and kindly human soul over the rigours and woes created out of the spiritual blindness of our day." Now Herr Roth is undeniably a kindly and human soul; he is also a poet of unusual sensitiveness, and can raise prose to the plane of rare beauty, but I fear his enemy escapes in a mist of obscurity. His purpose is clear enough, but he fails to disentangle spiritual and æsthetic values.

There is some lovely writing in this book, and much vigour, but it is asking too much of the reader to pursue its direction through all the irrelevances of the author's indignation.

Back to the material realm with Miss Edna Ferber with, however, the Spirit of America pervading her new novel COME AND GET IT (Heinemann. 8s. 6d). Beginning with nice rough stuff; hard-living pioneers of the lumber camps; rugged old Barney Glasgow fighting his way to the lumber throne of Wisconsin: all the tricks of a competent American novelist; Miss Ferber the best of them all.

And then the younger generation, the loose-living and squandermania of the boom years, developing as the author takes it along into a familiar yet brilliant attack upon the vulgar

A NOVELIST OF PROMISE: Winifred E. Watson, author of *Fell Top*, a story with an isolated North Country farmhouse as its setting. The writer, who is twenty-six, was born in Newcastle, and at the time when she wrote this book was engaged as a stenographer in a local office. She had no idea of the value of the work, and left the manuscript in a drawer for about two years before submitting it to the publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co.

flashiness of the new-rich of those days. And finally back to Wisconsin with yet a younger generation, the Spirit of America risen like the phœnix, hope springing eternal with the felling of a pine by latest lusty young Glasgow.

The barest outline, this, of a story full of character and action, of sterling worth and worthless dissipation, of a subtle handling of crudities, and the creation of a real family woven from the stuff of life.

Miss Ann Delamain is in the tradition of Miss Edna Ferber as a novelist, though a long way behind her. This is probably partly from inexperience, as I believe ALL OUR DEAR RELATIONS (Constable. 7s. 6d.) is her first book. If it is, it is

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

a remarkably self-assured one. I could not picture this author going through the usual pen-chewing agonies of the immature novelist.

On the contrary, Miss Delamain dashes along with almost too much confidence, and the result is, although very readable, the least bit glib. Mop, the red-haired heroine with the imperfect ankles, is a real person, but the others, the too-good-to-be-true pianist and the stereotyped dark vamp, never seemed to me to come to life at all.

The vigour is in the telling of the story, and in the competence with which an unsurprising plot is freshly presented.

HONOUR COME BACK, by Naomi Jacob (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is one of the novels which the war made possible. Not that it is particularly outspoken, or post-war in any of those senses, but because it is entirely and continuously concerned with the effects of war, during the actual war years, and during the equally (according to Miss Jacob) trying years of peace.

The principal character in the story is a rather tiresome youth who was just old enough to be caught by the last year of the war, and just grown up enough to desert a few days before the Armistice. It would be foolish and impertinent to suggest that there are not people for whom the sight of suffering is actually unbearable; but Michael Benham was a little humourless over his point of view even as a child. As a grown-up, as I say, he was definitely tiresome, and the fact that everything turned out successfully for him and that we leave him in an idyllic lakeside town in Italy only increased my irritation.

"Come and Get It" —Edna Ferber Writes an American Saga

I have never had a difference of opinion with Miss Jacob before; I have always thought of her as an excellent storyteller, which she is. But I could not quite accept this study of over-sensitiveness. It made me feel all the more aggressive and militant, which seems a pity.

Mr. Ellery Queen is growing up, it seems. At least his literary style is growing less violent and his reasoning more exact.

In his latest book, THE SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), the mystery itself is just as fantastic as in the other stories. A man is found dead, stark naked, on the terrace of a magnificent seaside house. Not really naked, though, for draped round him is a cloak, on his head a broad-brimmed hat, and in his rigid hand a walking-stick. But the mystery, like all the best mysteries, is more complete than his nakedness, and Mr. Queen, who gives himself the author's privilege of writing his own part in his detective dramas, is the complete investigator, out-sleuthing all the Poirots and Holmeses of his own world, and—ruthlessly and, of course, successfully—following clues dow to an accusal.

I found this better than the previous Ellery Queen mysteries. The puzzle was as good, that is to say as difficult, and the presentation of it more restrained and convincing. But I guessed who did it on page 150.

Somebody, contemplating an escape from the motor-coach and ribbon development, once wrote an epitaph of a generation who "inherited, in England, a land of beauty, and left it a land of beauty spots."

A biography of JOHN NASH (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.) by Mr. John Summerson, reminds us of what this artist in stucco had planned for London and what he was able to achieve in this, and in country house building, before the red and yellow brick Victorians were able to do their dreary worst, or the modern architects of "estate development" had planted creeping suburbs upon wide vistas and rolling park land.

This is a very live and readable book, for Nash the man emerges as a shrewd and engaging personality, as well as the most misunderstood architect of several decades.

PAXTON AND THE BACHELOR DUKE, by Violet Markham (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.) concerns, of course, the designer of that oft be-rated wonder of its age, the Crystal Palace. The bachelor in the story was the sixth Duke of Devonshire, Paxton's patron, master and friend. An age which shows the Great Exhibition as its crowning achievement is not a particularly inspiring one, but the author succeeds in making the story of this remarkable son of a small farmer and the reigning Grace of Chatsworth an absorbing chronicle in which all the great characters of the day play a part.

And lastly the COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS of Mr. James Henry Duveen (Jarroulds. 18s.) in which it is interesting to observe that, like banking, art dealing runs also in dynasties. Mr. Duveen traces his family tree back to one Joseph Joel who was an art dealer in Paris in 1750 and who, in his turn, was a great-grandson of a banker and art collector named Eberhard Jabach. From such a line of experts and men of taste it is small wonder that the author inherited that "eye" which he so lightly and charmingly maintains is the principal and almost sole asset of a successful collector.

Taste changes, but beauty in anything will always command a price, and the quest for it, when men pit their desire, knowledge and vast resources against one another, can be as exciting as anything in the chronicles of time. Mr. Duveen writes with the zest of a full life spent in this fascinating field.

Not the least valuable part of his story is the advice he gives to amateurs. "Trust to your own sense of beauty rather than to what 'they say' is beautiful . . . never trust an expert . . . remember the first rule: it must please the eye . . . Don't buy anything you don't understand . . . Fight shy of all certificates, histories, and such-like paraphernalia of the mug-catcher . . . No fake, no matter how clever, passes everyone." I leave the reader to reflect how these excellent dicta apply to life as well as to art.

A BOOK LIST

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THE PICK of the FILMS

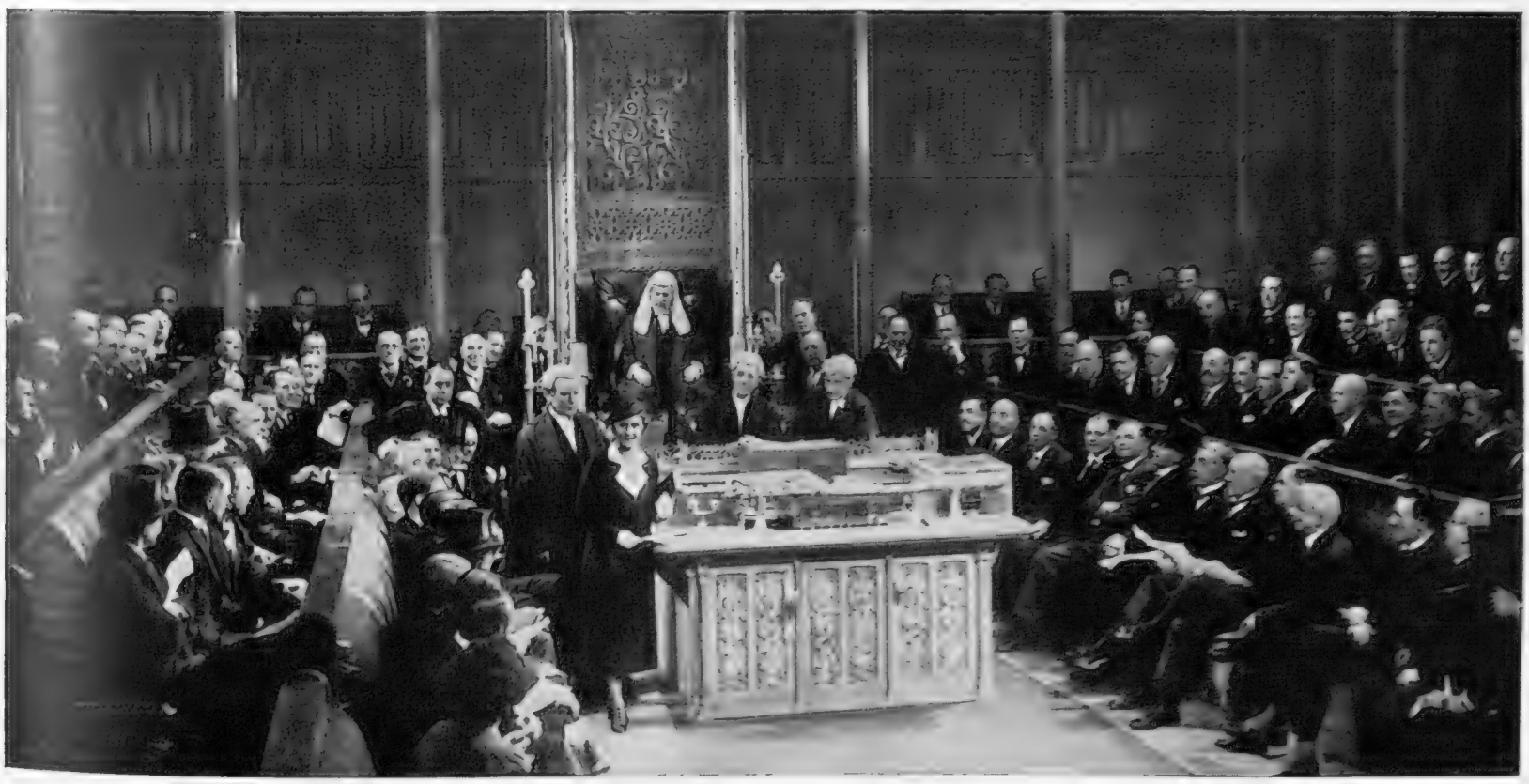
Pictures Released and Shortly to be Released in London

A CHOICE OF EVILS: Jeanette Macdonald (*left*) as Princess Marie de la Bonfain who, in order to avoid being forced into a marriage with a Spanish grandee whom she dislikes, sails to Louisiana with a boatload of "casquette girls"—young women dowered by King Louis XV and sent to the colony to become the wives of the settlers. A scene from the Metro-Goldwyn picture, *Naughty Marietta*, which starts its run at the Empire this week

ROMANCE IN OLD NEW ORLEANS: Princess Marie (Jeanette Macdonald) and her lover (Nelson Eddy) in another scene from *Naughty Marietta*

AFRICAN DRAMA: Smith (played by Eric Maturin) the gun-runner and trader in illicit gin, is struck down by native arrows. A dramatic episode in *Sanders of the River*, the London Film production which is based on Edgar Wallace's well-known novel and is now running with great success at the Leicester Square Theatre. Paul Robeson and Leslie Banks take the principal parts

IN THE "GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE" MANNER: Arthur Byron (*right*) as the kidnapped president of the United States in the new Paramount picture, *The Strange Conspiracy*, which was running at the Plaza last week



Picture by A. Conoyle

INVASION: Lady Astor about to take her seat as the first woman member of the House of Commons. A notable event in the history of the reign shown in the Royal Jubilee Film made at Elstree by British International Pictures

Drawn by Percy Home

HAARLEM, THE CENTRE OF THE BULB COUNTRY: The slender spire of the Groote Kerk seen from near the house of Franz Hals

Holland in Bulb Time

When a Riot of Spring Blooms Transforms the Countryside

BULB time in Holland! Clogs and pigtails and patched trousers. A quantity of hyacinths, a quantity of daffodils, a quantity of tulips . . . and a quantity of windmills! One can see it all so clearly in one's mind, like a child's picture book, that until one has actually done so, there hardly appears to be any real reason for going there to see it in fact.

Going to Volendam and the Island of Marken (on the Zuider Zee, a day's excursion from Amsterdam) the visitor will perceive a certain tendency in the be-clogged and be-capped inhabitants to fall more or less automatically into attractive-looking groups at the sight of a camera. They all do it, from the most aged fishermen down to the tiniest children. Inevitably the question will be asked, "Is it genuine? Or is the whole thing just a fancy dress display designed to humour the foreigner?" Inevitably indignant assertions will be made and equally indignant denials will follow.

How much really, though, does it matter exactly where the right or wrong of the matter lies? Once a group of people realizes that people will pay to come and watch them wearing their national costume, of course they won't be in a hurry to give it up. And the fact remains that the landscape against which you are seeing it is genuinely Dutch, and that it is very much the same now as it has been for the past three or four hundred years.

This trip to Volendam and Marken takes you through some typical stretches of the canals for which Holland is famous. It includes also a visit to an old farm, where you are shown cheese in the making, and a magnificent herd of Frisian cattle in model surroundings. Another "typically Dutch" feature to be noticed there are the beds, big and deep, let into the walls like cupboards, which evidently achieve in warmth what they lose in hygiene. A point to remember, by the way, is that on an expedition like this it is always as well to take a coat; whole days on a boat can be very chilly.

Holland is geographically such a small country that looking at it from the train you seem to see the place-names with which you are most familiar, Rotterdam, Delft, The Hague (in Dutch, Den Haag, or, more correctly, 's-Gravenhage), Leiden, Haarlem, Amsterdam—each one within about twenty minutes of the next. Between The Hague and Amsterdam you pass right through the bulb district. On either side of the railway embankment the brilliant, multi-coloured fields flash past, stretching almost as far as the eye can reach towards an horizon broken by occasional windmills and willow-trees or the spire of a village church.

Haarlem is really the centre for bulb-sight-seeing, and from there you may drive or take a tram out into the country; it comes as a pleasant surprise to discover that the scent of the flowers is scarcely less vivid than the sight of them. Haarlem itself is a charming town—busy, modern streets alternating with quiet canals, and with a brand new suburb of villa residences which are an example of modern architecture at its best. But that, as a matter of fact, is a description that applies equally well to any other town in South Holland.

What Haarlem *doesn't* share with anywhere else, and what no one going there must on any account fail to see, is the Franz Hals Museum. It was in Haarlem that Hals spent most of his roistering life, and in the almshouse that is now his museum that he eventually died. Two portrait groups of the men and women guardians of the place, which he painted with the last remnants of his strength when a very old man, show an approach to life that is altogether more profound than that revealed by his earlier work. They show an amazing development of technique, too, and the mere fact of having them there to compare with the brilliant, boisterous portrait groups of the Civic Guards, painted in his prime, makes this little gallery one of the most important in Holland.

A MERRY QUARTETTE of workers in the Dutch bulb fields taking a lunch-hour stroll

The Hague, too, is a charming town. It also has its busy streets and quiet canals and new suburbs, but its charm is not quite the same as that of Haarlem. It has often been talked of as "the largest village in Europe." That may be true, but it is a capital city as well. There is a certain "mondaine" gaiety about its seventeenth-eighteenth-century domestic architecture; there is an air of ease and well-being that conduces to sitting outside cafés and watching the world go by.

The Hague has a picture gallery, the Mauritshuis, where are to be seen some good Rembrandts and the best of the Delft masterpieces. There is also, at the Kneuterdijk end of the Lange Voorhout, an outstandingly fine private collection of Van Gogh's pictures, whose owner lets the public see them. At the other end of the Lange Voorhout, incidentally, is a restaurant, the Royale, reputed to be among the best in Europe. There is another Restaurant Royale, under the same management, at Waarmond, near Leiden, and it is good to sit out of doors there on a summer evening listening to the strains of an Hungarian band, and looking across a darkening landscape that might have been painted by Ruisdael.

Hungarian bands, it will be noticed, are rather a feature, if a slightly unaccountable one, of life in Holland, and are to be heard in every fashionable restaurant or cabaret. The Dutch are apparently fond of accordions, too, and enormous barrel organs which you see being trundled precariously through the streets, without recognising what they are until the handle is produced.

The Hague may be recommended as an ideal headquarters for a visit to Holland in the spring or early summer. This is not a reflection on the merits of Amsterdam, which is as full of life and character as any town on the Continent. Amsterdam is fast-moving, almost chaotic. There is a lot to see and do there. It is a great port, a great business centre. It has two vast and admirable picture galleries, some splendid modern buildings, a great number of restaurants, cabarets, and cinemas. It is essentially Dutch—but not quite so essentially Dutch as the Hague.

Delft must be visited, and Leiden. Leiden is best known as Holland's principal university city, and Delft for its school of painting, its pottery, and its association with William the Silent, Prince of Orange, who spent the closing years of his life here, when his great struggle against the Spaniards was at last beginning to bring its rewards, and where he was finally murdered. His house, the Prinsenhof, is now a museum, and no one can visit it without wanting to know something more about the career of this extraordinary man who is Holland's national hero. For those who haven't had the pleasure of discovering it for themselves, it may be mentioned that Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* is a splendid book dealing with this subject, and also that a very amusing book about Holland at the present day was written by Karel Capek a couple of years ago, called *Letters from Holland*.

A. G.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

BOUND FOR THE LONDON MARKET: A party of flower girls loading cases of tulips on to a wagon at a bulb depot

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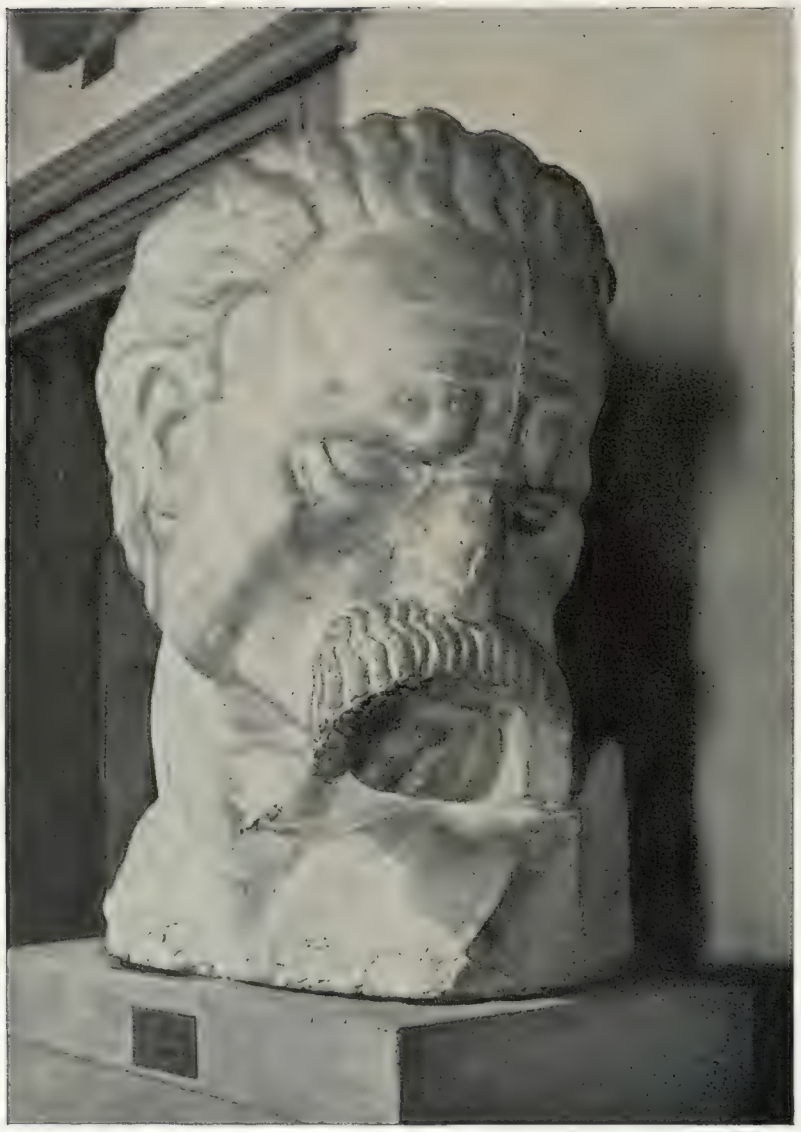


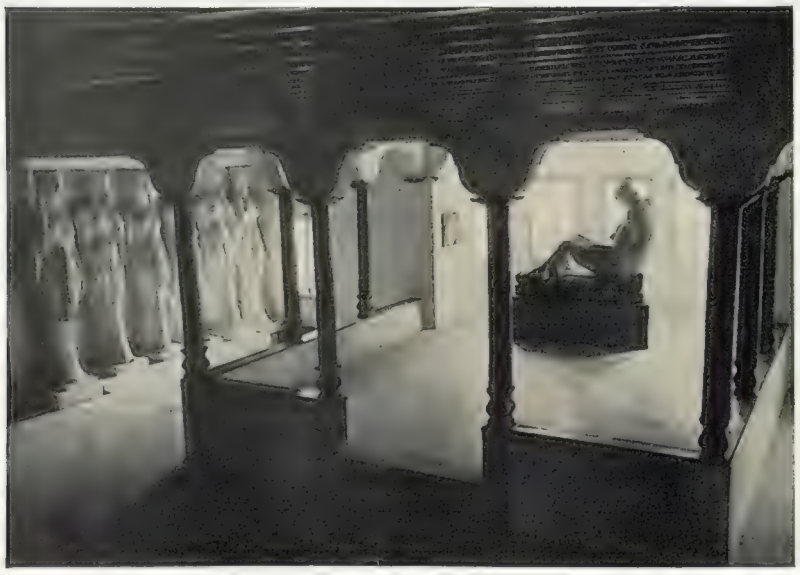
STONE BROUGHT TO LIFE: Two examples of the art of Ivan Mestrovic, the famous Yugoslavian sculptor, which are among the principal exhibits in the museum established by Prince Paul in Belgrade. Mestrovic is a brilliant exponent of direct stone carving, and the works shown here reveal the characteristic boldness of his style which has won him an international reputation

PRINCE PAUL'S MUSEUM

Some Notable Sculptures by Mestrovic in the Art Collection of the Regent of Yugoslavia

A RESORT OF ART ENTHUSIASTS: An exterior view of the private house which Prince Paul has converted into a museum

Mestrovic was born in 1883 at Otavice, Dalmatia, and during his youth was apprenticed to a master-mason at Split, afterwards studying at the Vienna Academy of Arts. He first exhibited at the Vienna Sezession in 1902, and in a few years established himself as one of the leading modern sculptors.



THE CARYATIDES

A corner of the museum showing on the left a group of six columns in the form of sculptured female figures

A study in muscular grace, typical of Mestrovic's forceful craftsmanship

THE ATHLETE

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE: In order to ensure that they will always have a competent staff of make-up men, the directors of the Gaumont British Picture Corporation have established a school where apprentices to the profession are taught by experts. This picture shows a student constructing a wig, while below other phases of the work are illustrated

DEFT FINGERS: An expert showing students how hair is tackled drawn out in separate strands before it is made into beards, wigs, moustaches, etc.

A CLASS IN HAIRWORK: Weaving the raw material into switches, and making beards, wigs, etc.

Scenes at the Gaumont-British School of Make-up

Drama of the Week

Kathleen O'Regan as a Woman who Ruins her Life Through Self-Torture: French Humour at its Best in the Film "Skylark"

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

WHEN a child is utterly and furiously frustrated in its heart's desire, there is often the perfectly normal, sulky remark, "You'd be sorry if I was dead!"

The child, confident of the love of the adult whom temporarily it regards as an enemy, is greatly comforted by imagining the pain it could inflict by, revengefully, depriving the adult of itself.

Naturally, it only toys with the idea, dramatizing itself with white flowers and tears, as a child may do, but sometimes that frame of mind persists through adolescence.

Coroners' courts deal with its consequent tragedies often enough, and to draw attention to it is only to encourage it as those who are obliged to publish details of suicides have frequently noticed. Therefore I cannot approve of a play which becomes sentimental over a woman's suicide through founded or unfounded jealousy. Such sentiment argues approval, and approval inclines fools and lunatics to copy the example set, thus attracting disaster to the innocent.

A Morbid Theme.—In Vernon Sylvaine's play at the Duke of York's Theatre, *A Woman Passed By . . .*, there is this sentimentalising over a woman who drives herself half demented by her imaginings, and then should—so the audience is given to understand—remain in her fortunately bereaved husband's mind as a beautiful memory.

That is an idea which requires "debunking." No wife who insists upon insulting her husband's life with her by imagining his continual mental adultery deserves any pity if, childishly, she wishes to cut off her nose to spite her face.

If every married woman hurled herself into the sea because her husband, in a brief moment and taken unawares, permitted himself to be embraced by a predatory young harpy, there would be no room in the sea for the fish; Lenten menus would be certainly sparser than ever for those who keep the Fast.

But because there is that lingering childish mentality in a percentage of the community which reacts to example I do not think this a play suitable for production. Since it is well acted it is the more dangerous.

The story is of a young, unsuccessful writer who established himself in a bungalow on a shingle bank to concentrate upon a book which he hopes will bring him fame, enough to pay the housekeeping bills, and the purchase price of a ticket to South Africa and the sun.

Ion Swinley plays Richard, the writer, and a dreary young man he makes him. It is no wonder that his wife, Joan (Kathleen O'Regan), grows more depressed as she hears, eternally, the swish of the sea and the tapping of her husband's typewriter, which he only interrupts to tell her that she is the cause of his lack of inspiration.

When film actress Dae (Meriel Forbes), a quite convincing young harpy in smart clothes and with what are considered "practical" morals, calls to renew girlhood friendship, her presence is a welcome relief to the dullness of the bungalow existence.

And Dae, in somewhat feminine fashion, feels it due to her charm to force Richard to recognize it, so, working overtime with her studio-taught sex appeal, she succeeds in wrenching a kiss from the husband who is in need of inspiration. This triviality is seen by Joan who proceeds to build of it a mountain of ugly suspicion. From that moment she pictures to herself, presumably, her own mentality. Clandestine correspondence, clandestine meetings—between this girl and Richard when, since she is fully aware of Dae's mode of life, a modicum of sense would have assured her that under the circumstances the busy Dae could have no time for it all—or a penniless Richard!

So Joan decides to stage a flirtation with the next door neighbour Jevan, who has an irritating wireless set and a great opinion of his attractions, and, getting out her party frock invites him to dinner and a silly scene, which further aggravates Richard.

She leads poor Jevan (Guy Middleton) up the conversational garden path, and then out in the moonlight on to the shingle bank, only to return to tell Richard that the worst had happened. Since Richard was sensible, and neither betrayed particular interest then, or when later she confessed that the worst had not happened at all, there was of course nothing she could do to gain the last word but to hurl herself into the sea. As the old tale of married argument, "Scissors, scissors."

Richard presumably made a gallant effort to mourn. A year later, wearing the laurels of success, he returned to the abandoned bungalow to brood on the virtues of Joan which during her lifetime had not been very noticeable.

It is regrettable, however, that it was so obviously the defects of her blonde successor which produced in him the sentimentalizing hoped for by Joan, and not her idiotic action. It should have occurred to her that it is the way of life, and certainly of men, to remember the past with regret only when the present is boring and the future unpromising.

"No one could be sorry" for the loss of Joan—not even the audience. Despite Kathleen O'Regan's very sincere and hard work, no character like Joan could "pass by" and leave a beautiful memory!

At The Curzon.—As a relief to this morbidity at the Duke of York's, I recommend the French film *Skylark*—heartily! To miss it is to miss merriment which may not recur in a lifetime.

It is a poor title which conveys no more than its original *Ademai Aviator*, particularly as Fernandel, the leading comedian, is little known in England, while Noel Noel, only Academy Cinema audiences will remember in the Guy de Maupassant story of *Le Rosier de Madame Husson*, which despite the Censor's attentions remains joyfully in my memory for life. In that, as in this, he was the village idiot!

There are two kinds of French humour, and this is *not* the "traditional." It is the kind in which the modern French films excel, and it is a pity that the translated dialogue is so meagre. In *Skylark* there are two "village idiots," both belonging to the Air Service and about to receive flying instruction. Each mistakes the other for the flying instructor, and, being the village idiots, go up together in a 'plane waiting to start out for a world's record.

The record flight they make creates a record in humour. Only *such* French faces can express so much, so idiotically, as the appalling position dawns upon the so newly-fledged aviators.

There is a sort of plot in addition, somewhat "cut," and quite incidental, but it is the flight which brings those who watch it to the point of helpless hysteria, and its climax, which it would be a mistake to reveal, is perhaps funnier than the whole of the rest! It is certainly so "French!" As well as the film's humour, its presentation of barrack life in the French Flying Corps seems very convincing and interesting, while the vague romance which wanders through the absurdities is sufficient to set off the wittiness of the two French stars, Fernandel and Noel, which, sincerely, I implore you not to overlook.

Mr. Charlot's "Char-a-Bang" will please those who like Mr. Charlot's customary revue. It is back at the Vaudeville, and though one misses Beatrice Lillie, Gertie Lawrence, and many stars whose names there earned much of their first electric lighting, it is not much changed since its "after the war" success.

At any rate those who are absent are represented in many cases by Mr. Charlot's later discoveries and attractions who give imitations of them.

The scenery is now new grey velvet instead of the black hangings which were formerly a novel and startling background, but I found it a matter for regret that London's progress in the art of dress-making in the last ten and more years has not been made better use of.

Mr. Charlot has, I think, always concentrated upon the appearance of his chorus, and since their silk stockings are no longer an item of expense there might be a greater margin for the frocks of the principals.

The sketches, particularly the burlesque of *Hamlet*, have the delicate point of their wit neatly sharpened, the tunes are reminiscently gay, the dances have their usual crisp tap steps to stimulate their conventionality. The show runs on its oiled mechanism perfectly, and should prove the perfect digestive to a good dinner.

Mr. John Tilley is a little disappointing, except when doing his own "stuff." Mr. Reginald Gardiner has a little too much to do, and is regrettably not allowed his gramophone recording. Jack Clewes could do more to the show's advantage; his imitation of Jack Hulbert is uncanny, and, I should think, rather frightening for Mr. Hulbert if he were to see it after a heavy cocktail party!

SIMPLICITY by Day, by Night ROMANCE

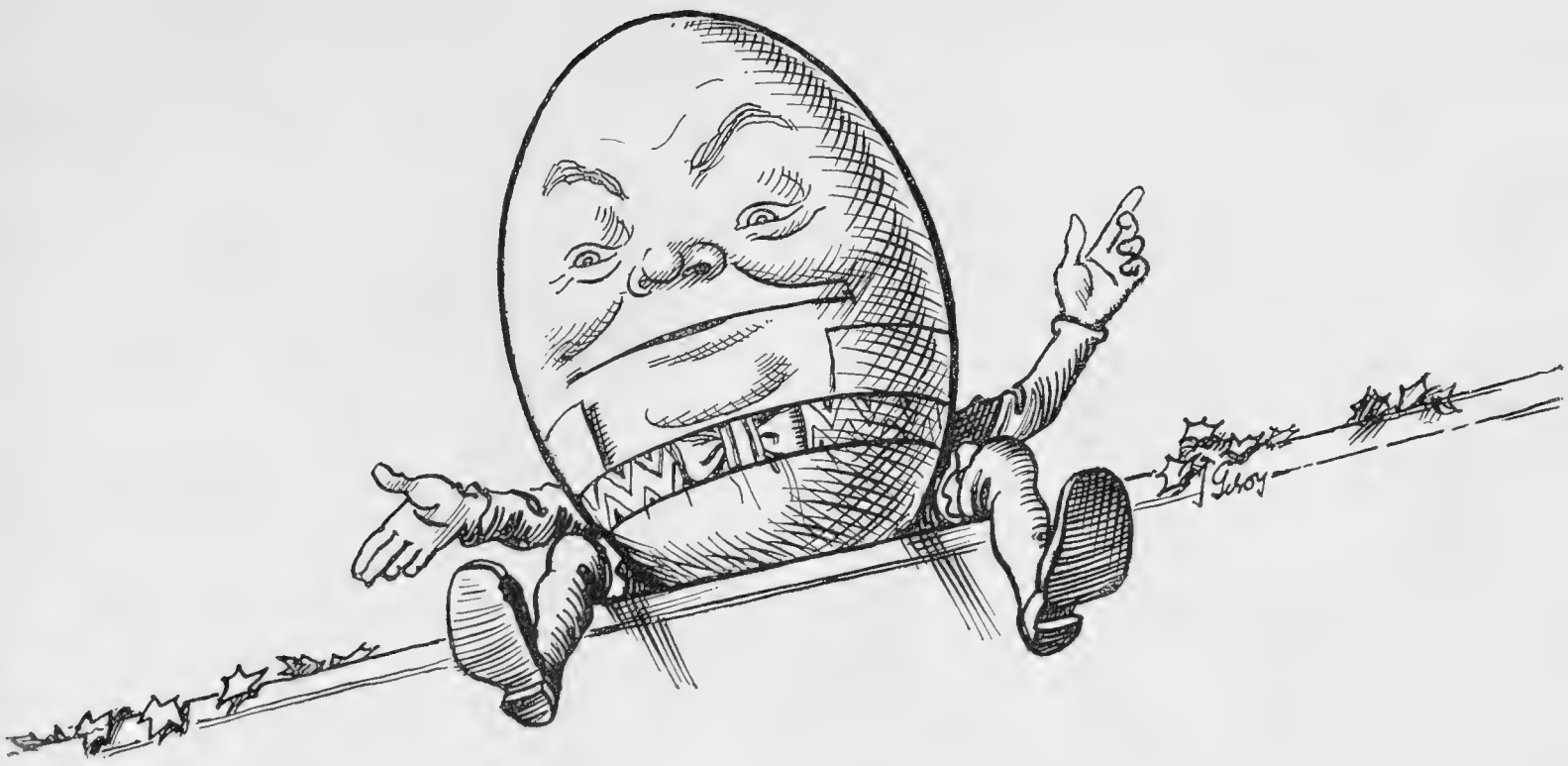
THE HOUR-GLASS WAIST.—Women are going to worry less about their hips and more about their waist this year, for suits are tailored with classic severity and they are most meticulously fitted to emphasise feminine curves. Here is a beige wool jacket and skirt by de Nagornoff, with dark cartwheel buttons and huge pleated pockets

WHIPCORD GOES GAY — It is surprising that somebody did not think long ago of using whipcord for formal tailor-mades, for it is a material that lends itself perfectly to this purpose, as builders of riding kit have always known. Creed uses it in a delicate cream shade for the square-looking coat below, which is worn with a black skirt

TAFFETA'S TRIUMPH. — Of all the lovely fabrics that are being used in such profusion for evening models that are as varied as flowers in an old-world garden, none rivals the popularity of taffeta. Sometimes it is veiled by gossamer silks, but always its soft swish-swish reveals its presence. Worth uses it in a wonderful Bordeaux shade for the enchanting dress shown below, with its dangerously flattering neckline and its grand sweeping skirt

SPEARED SLEEVES. — Enormous sleeves, ornamented with spear-heads, add a glamorous air to the youthful frock below of printed mousseline. Maggy Rouff's evening line is seen in the skirt, which has the fullness shirred across the back

(With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)



"UNMISTAKABILITY

—that's what I say!"

(and you can't mistake the influence of Lewis Carroll)

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Vell," said Humpty Dumpty, "some things are quite different from other things, and other things aren't. For instance, your face is the same as everybody has—two eyes, nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same."

"Yes," said Alice, doubtfully. "But what about heads and bodies?"

"Ah, that's different!" said Humpty Dumpty. "At least, some heads are. Take the creamy head of Guinness — there's unmistakability for you! And the body of Guinness, with its deep, rich colour and delightful taste—that's distinctive, too. You can't mistake Guinness for anything else, or anything else for Guinness. You know how Guinness is made?"

"Naturally," said Alice.

"Quite right," said Humpty Dumpty. "Guinness is naturally brewed and naturally matured. For 150 years Guinness have concentrated on doing one thing, and doing it well. And what's the result?"

"I'm afraid I don't know," said Alice.

"Why, Guinness, of course!" said Humpty Dumpty.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 434.C.

THE TEUTON FIST

(Continued from p. 92)

The peace-maintaining circle, with its potentialities, looks to be complete. Of course it is not. There are the imponderables. Hitler is banking heavily on these. It is in this quarter that he might draw his chief advantage. He has disciplined his race to die under bombs, and they would. Can others say the like? The mesmerized Nazis would wreck the civil morale of others with their air war: it is their major hope. We can ill afford to smile when Berlin's window blinds are gummed down, nor when gas rehearsals in German cities show us horribly snouted humans carrying off "victims" on stretchers. Rather might we pay heed to the incredible burrowing that is being speeded up beneath German soil, burrowings for aircraft as for military and civilians, stores and munitions.

A NOTABLE INDUSTRIALIST: Sir Francis Joseph who has been elected President of the Federation of British Industries. He is a director of many important companies, was a member of the British Economic Mission to South Africa in 1930, and was chairman of the British Committee on Trade Barriers

As the map seems to stand, Nazi Germany looks ominously surrounded. She doubtless is and knows it. But there are "things that might happen." It is here that we might part company with 1914. We went into that holocaust out of a world of relative plenty and content. We had no five years behind us of chronically unsettling worry and stress. Civilian populations might go off the deep-end far more lightly to-day; under air-raids infinitely worse. Take France. No one would argue that she is socially as strong as when attacked last time. And France isn't the only country in which the Nazis are studying "trends."

"Things that might happen." What may German inventiveness have been doing off-stage? What of Japan? Though Hitler probably has few illusions concerning the current United States. They would not participate in any policy aimed at policing him, however purely self-protective on the part of others such policy might be. But no more could they be relied upon to insist (as in 1914–17) on shoving all kinds of raw materials into Germany capable of being turned into war-waging equipment.

The leading Hitlerite authority in this country would call the self-protecting ring "a phalanx of frightened nations," and warns that should it dress itself in battle array, battle will follow. "Let Hitler go East!" I have only to ask my good friend Ward Price this: "What guarantee have we that the Nazis, having been allowed to wallop the Russians, would not later turn on the West with their immeasurably accrued strength?"

LUXURY IN THE GOLDEN WEST: The new sun lounge and ballroom—the latest addition to the amenities of the Imperial Hotel, Torquay—the opening of which was recently celebrated by a banquet attended by the Mayor of Torquay. *Circle on left*—Mr. C. W. Hore, who has been manager of the hotel for the past twenty-five years

SCIENCE AND THE FAKER *(Continued from p. 106)*

Drawings, etchings, ceramics, glassware, alabaster figures, old MSS., Egyptian pottery, Chinese beads—these and any other art objects which have a rarity value are grist to the forger's mill. Antique furniture fakers are known to have used the ultra-violet lamp in their efforts to beat the art detective. Their greatest enemy now is that ray which reveals the different appearance of the old and the new cuts. But almost the only mark of age in wood is on the surface, the patina. If the faker uses old wood, entirely removes the original surface ageing (using the ultra-violet ray to make sure none is left to betray him by showing a different colour appearance), and refashions the piece and ages it again artificially, it is very difficult for the expert to detect forgery.

Here one may observe that snobbery, plus the economics of scarcity, play into the art faker's hands. Experts have admitted that some of his reproductions or restorations are as good as the genuine article they purport to be. But the name of the master attached to them makes all the difference in value; and where rarity determines the price, the temptation of an able craftsman to make two or three rare things grow where only one grew before sometimes proves irresistible.

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Bath's Art Gallery

(Continued from p. 96)

for three or four years. Barker won considerable fame in his own city, and frequently exhibited in London. Several of his pictures are to be seen in the museum, all of them showing great mastery of design and considerable feeling, particularly the "Sheep Shearing" and the portrait of himself standing beside his easel. Thomas Barker's brother was a landscape painter, and several of his own sons also became artists of some repute.

A particularly interesting picture is the portrait of a young artist, by Wright of Derby, who has a slight residential claim to be in a Bath gallery, for he resided in Bath for two years, deserting his native town of Derby. He seems to have hoped to gain something of the success of Gainsborough, but when he settled in Bath in 1775, he complained that there was so much jealousy among his brother artists that he could get no clients, and was painting "for reputation only," so that he soon packed up and returned to Derby. The portrait in the museum is full of charm, representing a young man holding a large portfolio, and who is thought to be young George Morland, whose father Wright knew.

Dutch and Flemish artists are well represented, and there is an excellent collection of miniatures, and for those interested in marine painting there is a contemporary picture of the famous schooner, *America*, which was painted by a local artist, A. Fowles, living at Ryde, Isle of Wight, when the great race took place. It is said to have been a commission given by Sir Thomas Holburne, who was then stationed at Portsmouth.

THE FIRST WINNER OF THE AMERICA'S CUP: A study of the famous schooner, *America*, painted for Sir Thomas Holburne of Menstrie and bequeathed by him to Bath Art Gallery

MODERN PAINTERS OF MAJORCA

And Their Leader, Francisco Bernareggi

WHEN John S. Sargent spent a painting holiday in Majorca in 1907, he made the acquaintance and quickly became the close friend of a fellow artist in the person of Francisco Bernareggi. And so great was Sargent's admiration of that new friend's work that he urged him to give an exhibition in London, accompanying his exhortation with a promise to attend personally to all the business details.

Neither then nor since has Sr. Bernareggi been able to fulfil Sargent's desire; but there is great probability that before long he, in conjunction with other artists, will afford London an opportunity to appraise the current art of the chief of the Balearic Islands.

This work represents an emancipation. It is at once a climax and a beginning. It marks a definite divorce between Religion and Art. For many centuries those two were in closer union in Majorca than perhaps in any Levantine region.

Now the painters of Majorca have abandoned the "dim religious light" for the refulgent sunshine of their favoured isle.

Much of the merit of this contemporary work is due to the influence of a painter who is a co-national though not a native of the island—Sargent's friend, Francisco Bernareggi. Born in the Argentine, he removed to Barcelona as a youth, had the bulk of his art training in Paris, and settled in Majorca in his early twenties. He has lived and painted there ever since, and has become the recognised leader of the native artists. Among the most notable of the latter are Señors Pedro Barceló, Bartolomé Bauzá, Lorenzo Cerdá, Bartomev Ferrá, Antonio Gelebart, and, youngest of all, Mateo Vidal. While two of the band hold academic positions in Palma, another two give hostages to art by following business occupations. Perhaps the most easily-circumstanced is Señor Ferrá, who has a delightful home in those apartments of the Valldemosa monastery which were occupied by George Sand and Chopin during their sojourn there.

To what degree, and in what manner, Sr. Bernareggi has influenced his island confrères may be best inferred from his own theory and practice. He is a resolute disciple of the *plein air* school. To this day he has not recovered from the shock he experienced when he saw his earliest teacher painting seascapes in his studio. Calling at his villa one day, the maid replied to my enquiry with: "No, the Señor is not at home; he is at work in his studio—the open air."

A COUNTRY HOUSE IN MAJORCA: A pleasing example of the art of Francisco Bernareggi

PLACIDITY: Another canvas by Bernareggi

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GUARDIANS OF THE NIGHT: By ROY ELSTON

The A.G.P.N.V.—an Organisation of Watchmen in Amsterdam that Safeguards the Property of its Members and Works in Conjunction with the Police—A System that has now been Inaugurated in London

"MIDNIGHT, and all's well!" A tall staff, a swaying lantern, and cocked hat; that was the old night-watchman, the new will be less Dickensian but more effective; it has come to London via the Continent, where the system of privately controlled night-watch services was begun early in the present century. The experiment was initiated by the city of Hanover in 1901; Cologne followed in the same year, and in 1902 the Amsterdam organization, based on that of Hanover, made its shy appearance.

It was a modest experiment, subject to much criticism, and teased by the superior smiles of the official police. "After all," said the Heer Beuth, present director of the service and son of its founder, "we had to begin on a very small scale. The low premiums paid by subscribers meant low wages, and we were obliged to recruit the first watchmen from the aged and the infirm." To-day the Amsterdam Night Watch Service is an essential and conspicuous feature of the city's life. There are over 10,000 subscribers, served by a regiment of thoroughly trained watchmen under keen and efficient supervision.

Half the doors of central Amsterdam are fitted with a small enamel plate bearing the device: "Amst. Gecontr. Part. Nacht-Veiligheidsdienst." English visitors to this city of brown-gold bricks worked into fantastic gables, and green canals overhung with somnolent willows, used to wonder if every other householder of the city were an insurance agent, or a piano-tuner, or a licensee in some peculiar and mysterious commerce.

Before being let into the secret, one could not be expected to associate the enamel doorplate with the strange patrols, obviously not police, encountered on the streets in the dark hours after midnight, when the city is like a woodcut from a monograph of the Hansa period; sure enough, on the coat-collars of the patrolmen appeared the initial letters of the doorplate device: "A.G.P.N.V."; but not until, investigating a possible burglary in the house of your Dutch host, you are again confronted by the bearer of the magic symbols, do you dare to ask for an explanation.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT: A night watchman ejecting an intruder from a warehouse. If his case is serious he will be handed over to the police

A.G.P.N.V. is short, but not very short, for *Amsterdam Gecontroleerde Particuliere Nachtveiligheidsdienst:* in English, the Amsterdam Controlled Private Night Safety Service; and more economically, the Amsterdam Night Watch. With the verbose enamel plate fixed to his door, the Amsterdammer sleeps securely. Even if he forgets to switch off the light before going to bed, or to lock the garage door, the man from the A. G. P. N. V. will soon tell him about it; and if there are valuables at his office, in one of those patrician buildings up among the *grachts* and hump-backed bridges of the business quarter, the little enamel plate on the office door will shoulder his anxieties for him. The people of Amsterdam have grown to rely so much upon the night-watchman that they almost expect him to come in and rock the baby to sleep when it wakes up crying in the middle of the night.

Mr. Beuth, the director of the Amsterdam organization, received me at the headquarters of the corps—a severely practical place, with the atmosphere one associates with police stations and orderly-rooms; lists of regulations pinned on the walls, photographs of uniformed patrolmen disposed with majestic regularity on marble stairs, a sam-browne on a chair, a framed, illuminated diploma, and a notice fixed to a green-baize notice-board recording the fact that Watchman X had been fined and reprimanded for accepting gratuities in return for special and unofficial services performed on his patrol, and warning the corps that punishment for the offence would, in future, involve dismissal. "Discipline is as important with us as it is with the police."

Mr. Beuth wishes his London colleagues success, but fears that, without the full recognition and co-operation of the police, the London task will be heavy. His own organization has won complete recognition, and practical co-operation, from the Dutch police force, the authorities of which admit that the service, far from competing with official police duties, complements them. "The experience of years has shown that the private night-watch service fills an essential place by the side of the official police organization." Such is the conclusion of Mr. A. H. Sirks, Chief Commissioner of Police at Rotterdam.

Watchmen are paid twenty-two florins per week, roughly £3 at the present exchange, and are chosen from a class of men physically and mentally able to perform the duties expected of them.

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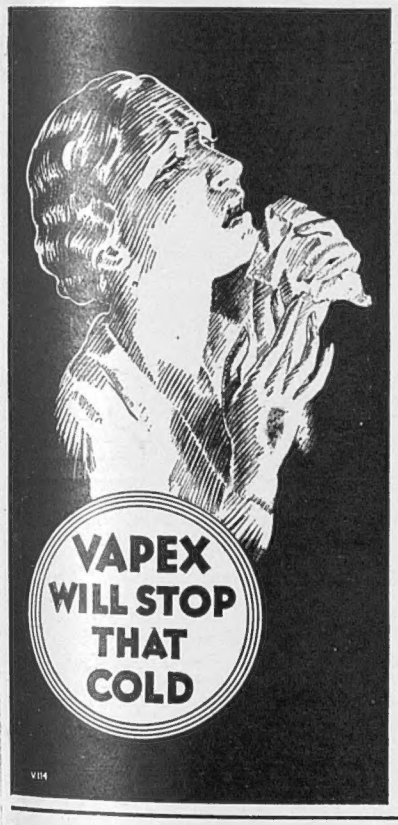

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